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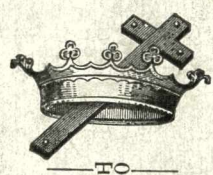
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IN MEMORIAM.

TERRE HAUTE'S TRIBUTE



JAMES A. GARFIELD.

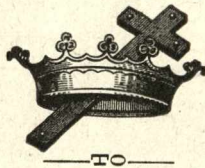
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IN MEMORIAM.

INDIANA

TERRE HAUTE'S TRIBUTE



TO
JAMES A. GARFIELD.

Issued by Morton Post No. 1,
G. A. R.
October 15th, 1881.

GLOBE PRINT, TERRE HAUTE

PREFACE.

The little volume now presented to the public, is intended to preserve and perpetuate for future history the part played by the people of the City of Terre Haute in the tragedy which touched the sensibilities and awakened sympathies in all parts of the civilized World—the assassination of the President of the United States—JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD. The portals of the tomb have been closed forever upon all that was mortal of the Second Great Martyr of the Nation, but the spontaneous action of the people of the beautiful Prairie City of the West, in regard to this momentous National calamity, from that fatal 2nd of July, until the curtain closed upon the last act of the tragedy at Cleveland, on the 26th day of September, with the awful lessons which that tragedy teaches, should not be forgotten, but ought to be kept fresh and green in our memories, and perpetuated, in some enduring form, for those who shall come after us.

Some have suggested that a biographical sketch of the dead President might with propriety, be one of the features of this volume. We think not. Why attempt to reproduce that which has been written, and re-written and written again? That which is written in school books, in science, in literature, in theology, in law; written on the fields of war, written in the halls of Congress, written in the archives of the Nation. Yes, and written, too, in all the hearts, in all the memories of all the people, there to remain, and be transmitted to coming generations, while the name of the Republic shall endure or its rulers be mentioned among men.

TERRE HAUTE'S TRIBUTE
TO
PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

The intelligence received in this city of the shooting of the President flashed over the wires in the morning, about ten o'clock, and was simply to the effect that "President Garfield had been shot," with no particulars. At first hardly credited, nearly an hour of suspense passed, before any of the details of the Tragedy were received at the telegraph office. When the facts did commence to pour in over the lines, there is no language sufficient to describe the horror and indignation of our people.

The first public and formal action, taken in this city, in regard to the assassination was the call for a meeting of Morton Post No. 1, of the Grand Army of the Republic, which was issued at once.

The *Gazette* of the afternoon of the 2nd of July contained the following:

HEADQUARTERS MORTON POST No. 1,
Grand Army of the Republic,
TERRE HAUTE, IND., July 2nd, 1881.

Special Orders, No. 4.

There will be a special meeting of this Post to-night at 8 o'clock to take action on the attempted assassination of our comrade, the President.

C. W. ROSS,
Adjutant.

By order of

WM. H. ARMSTRONG,
Commander.

In pursuance to the above order, a large assemblage of the comrades of Morton Post No. 1, was held at their hall, on Main Street.

On motion of Col. Wm. E. McLean, a committee of five

were appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the sense of the Post, in regard to this unexampled National outrage.

After a brief conference of the committee, the following resolutions were presented and unanimously adopted :

Resolved, That we denounce the assassination of President James A. Garfield, as a blot upon our fair name as a people, and a National calamity.

Resolved, That this Post, as well as 75,000 comrades all over this land, are the friends of order and of good government, and that we condemn and abhor any act tending to anarchy and the Mexicanization of this government.

Resolved, That President Garfield has won the admiration of every lover of constitutional liberty by his wise, prudent and statesmanlike course, and that the confidence reposed in him by his countrymen has not been misplaced.

Resolved, That we hereby tender to the President and his family, the deep and heartfelt sympathy of Morton Post, which will be shared by good men everywhere.

Resolved, That in consequence of this National calamity, this Post recommends that the 4th of July be *not* celebrated in the manner contemplated, and that this Post and the Hager Veterans will not participate, as has been heretofore announced in the daily papers.

Signed by
WM. E. McLEAN, *Chairman of Com.*
HARMON L. MILLER,
WILLIAM DREUSICKE,
CHAS. A. POWERS,
JOHN O'RILEY, *Committee.*

During the absence of the committee, Comrade Dr. Waters addressed the Post in regard to the terrible event.

Upon presenting the resolutions and moving their adoption, Col. Wm. E. McLean addressed the Post at some length, condemning the communistic spirit which led to the perpetration of this high crime against free government, and denouncing also the wild hunt for office which was the shame of our political system, and a blight and curse upon all political parties.

The resolutions above were sent to the family of the President *that evening*, and on the 5th of August, Mr. W. H. Armstrong received the following letter from J. Stanley Brown, President Garfield's Private Secretary :

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, August 3, 1881.

Dear Sir: The resolutions adopted by your association, expressive of the sympathy and condolence which its members feel with the President and his family in this great calamity which has befallen

them, has been received. In acknowledging their receipt, permit me to assure you that it will afford me pleasure, at the most favorable and opportune time, to invite the attention of the President to this gratifying action on the part of your organization.

In the meantime expressing the President's thanks for this courtesy,
I am yours very respectfully,

J. STANLEY BROWN,
Private Secretary.

MR. WM. H. ARMSTRONG,
*Commander Morton Post No. 1, G. A. R.,
Terre Haute, Ind.*

The above communication is in acknowledgement of the resolutions of sympathy and condolence passed at a meeting, specially called, of Morton Post, G. A. R., on the evening of July 2, the day the attempt to assassinate the President was made.

This was the first action of the kind by any organization in the country, and it is noteworthy that nearly every organization has since taken similar action, so that the resolutions of the same import sent to the President will fill volumes when compiled, which we learn will be done.

The *Express* of the next morning (Sunday, the 3rd inst.) contained the following :

"GOD REIGNS AND THE GOVERNMENT AT WASHINGTON STILL LIVES!"

BUT THE NATION BOWS ITS HEAD IN SHAME;

For Assassination Stalks Abroad in Freedom's Home, with Bloody Hands and Coward, Dastard Heart;

And He Whose Noble Words Stilled Passion's Cry, Struggles for Victory o'er Gaunt and Hungry Death.

The Nation Holds its Breath in Horror and Suspense, and Stands Aghast that Such a Thing Should Be.

Details of the Bloody Deed—The Would-be Murderer Arrested and Identified—The Watch at the White House.

Mrs. Garfield Summoned to Her Stricken Husband—The President's Condition at Last Accounts.

Description of the Guilty Man—A New Phase of the Lust for Office—The News Abroad.

WASHINGTON, July 2.—President Garfield was shot, in the depot, while on his way to Long Branch this morning.

WASHINGTON, July 2—9.30 A. M.—President Garfield was shot before leaving on the limited express this morning.

9.35 A. M.—Col. Corbin has just passed, in the President's carriage, with a physician, on the way to the Baltimore & Potomac depot.

10.00 A. M.—Dr. Bliss says the President's wound is not a mortal one.

WASHINGTON, July 2.—President Garfield was shot in the back as he was boarding the train at the depot. The assassin was arrested. Dr. Bliss reports the wound not a mortal one.

WASHINGTON, July 2—10.00 A. M.—It is reported that President Garfield is dead, but the excitement is so intense that it is impossible to find out anything definite at present. The man who shot him has been arrested. Full particulars will be sent shortly.

THE ASSASSINATION.

The greatest excitement prevailed in the city yesterday over the attempted assassination of President Garfield. Little knots of persons were gathered on every corner talking the matter over and discussing his condition pro and con. Anxious throngs read eagerly every word placed on the bulletin boards at the Express office, and discussed the probability of his recovery. Republicans and Democrats alike manifest the greatest feelings of consternation, and denounce in the bitterest terms the cowardly act of the assassin. When a negro minstrel at the variety attempted to sing some doggerel set to the tune of Swanee River, in which Garfield's name was mentioned, he was hissed down, and the name was omitted in after stanzas. The community was greatly shocked, and the significance of the calamity was hard to realize.

THE ASSASSINATION.

Not since the assassination of President Lincoln has the public mind been so shocked and paralyzed as it was yesterday upon receipt of the news of the attempt upon the life of President Garfield. The intelligence came as unexpectedly as a bolt of lightning from a clear sky. No thought of such a calamity was in the public mind. Notwithstanding the sad experience the country passed through in the death of President Lincoln, it was vainly hoped that assassination would not be again resorted to against the President of the United States. But the terrible tragedy of 1865 has been almost re-enacted, and the fact is demonstrated that the life of no man, especially of a President, is safe from the insane freaks of madmen.

We are not prone to seek for some dark conspiracy to account for

this fearful affair. It is much more creditable to our country and to our common humanity to believe that Guiteau, the assassin, was insane, or at least a monomaniac. He had been at Washington for several months seeking an office, and being in debt, out of money, hard pressed and sorely disappointed, he doubtless became desperate and demented, and naturally associated the President with his misfortunes. We have seen persons under similar circumstances in a state of mind bordering on lunacy, and can easily imagine Guiteau laboring under the delusion that the President was the cause of his troubles.

At the time of writing it appears that the President may possibly recover. God grant that he may. His death would be a most momentous event in the history of this country, and to the party which elected him, and which we believe is the hope of the Nation, it would be a deplorable loss. Let us hope for the best. Considering the excellent constitution and health of the President, it is possible that he may be saved to his country and mankind.

We give up nearly all our space this morning to the details of the great calamity that has fallen on the country like a thunderbolt. No other subject is thought or talked of, and ordinary matters have lost their interest in the overshadowing importance of this great calamity.

The *Gazette*, the only daily Democratic paper in the city, contained the following:

ASSASSINATION.

Since the murder of Lincoln no more deplorable event has occurred in this country than the assassination or attempted assassination of President Garfield. Murder at all times and under all circumstances is so awful an assumption of the attributes of God as to add sacrilege to its other qualities as a crime. Men stand in bewilderment when the humblest citizen is stricken to the earth by the hand of his fellow man. But when the Chief Magistrate of the Nation is the target for the pistol of the assassin, the murderous missile seems aimed at the breast of every citizen in the land. The righteous wrath of every individual is aroused against the bloody brute that assumes to prostrate the will of forty million people, and who arrogates to himself the right to impeach, try, convict and sentence to death him whom a great and free people have chosen to rule over them.

That Garfield should have been chosen as the victim of vengeance is peculiarly distressing. Politics aside and differences of opinion forgotten in the presence of a National calamity, he is as splendid a specimen of American manhood mentally, morally and physically as

the country has ever produced. Had Guiteau been the sort of man that Macbeth was and moralized on his bloody work before its accomplishment he might well have used the language of the Scottish regicide and said :

" This Garfield hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued against
The deep damnation of his taking off :
And pity like a naked, new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or Heaven's cherubim, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind."

As to Guiteau, there is only small room for doubt that he is a lunatic. But there is so much method in his madness and his insanity is of so destructive and dangerous a type as to require that, should capital punishment not be inflicted, he should be kept closely confined for the remainder of his life. Insanity of the sort with which he is afflicted, it might as well be understood, is wholly incurable and the safety of the community requires perpetual incarceration.

It is a fortunate circumstance that Guiteau is not a Democrat, and especially that he is not a Southern man. Had Conkling been on the same terms with Garfield that he was with Grant and a Southern man been the President's assailant it is not difficult to imagine the arrogant Senator denouncing a whole section and a great party as the backers of the assassin. He would not say that the Democratic party or the Southern people actually planned the murder and were participants in its execution, but he would say that an unbalanced intellect, overborne by their fierce denunciations of him had been persuaded that murder was patriotism. It so happens that Mr. Conkling and his friends have said so much more bitter things of President Garfield than any Democrats have. And Guiteau, who is a stalwart of the stalwarts, has believed with that desperate band of implacable haters that the President had broken every promise and sowed the seeds of party discord. Conkling has tried to kill the reputation of the President with sneers, and taunts, and accusations of perfidy, and falsehood, and duplicity, which unfortunately for him the country has not accepted. On a question of veracity, or honor, or good faith, or manliness, or generosity, or justice, between Garfield and Conkling, nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand would side with the President.

Should Garfield die, the successorship falling to Arthur is an overwhelming calamity. He is a weak and vicious man under the control of as violent and unprincipled a set of political desperadoes as ever sought to use a government for the furtherance of private ends. Should Arthur come to be President, as it is devoutly to be hoped he never may, the third term gang whose star set at Chicago, will be enthroned in the seat of power. Nor will their displacement be easy,

backed as they will be by the money of the monopolists. That Garfield's life may be spared ought to be the prayer of every patriot. His death would be an overwhelming calamity.

THE LAST ACT OF THE BLOODY DRAMA.

On Monday night, the 19th of September, the bells pealed forth their mournful tolls, and the people knew that the long agony was over, and that their President was dead.

The inquiry had been all day, as stated by the *Express* of next morning :

"What is the latest from the President?" was met on all sides, and when the gloomy answer, "No change for the better," was made, the heartfelt sympathy for the brave, noble man who lay battling for life in that distant sick room, was proof beyond doubt that this great sorrow which has since spread over the whole Nation is no party affair; all party ties and feelings being swallowed up in the intense grief that now surrounds us.

And when the news came at half-past ten, announcing the expected but none the less crushing and overwhelming fact of the President's death, this feeling reached its climax. When the dispatch reached the *Express* office, giving authority for this, the fire headquarters were summoned by telephone, and the suggestion made that the fire bells be tolled to announce the sad truth to the anxious people. The suggestion was adopted, the bell of St. Joseph's Church being the first to toll. Shortly after the bells of the Congregational, Asbury and Centenary churches joined in the doleful mission, and the Court House bell was added to the tollers.

By this time the people had become aware of the President's death, and in knots, on every street corner on Main street, and around the hotels, the people assembled, with sorrowful faces to discuss the calamity. And the most noticeable thing about all the crowds was that, after the feelings of sorrow for the stricken widow—the brave, earnest woman—and her fatherless ones, the expressions of execration for the miserable Guiteau were loud and deep. Could the cowardly assassin have been let loose in our streets last night—or in

any other city—the horrible fate that the enraged minds of the citizens would have designed for him would be too horrible to describe. On all sides were heard expressed hopes that before morning the wires would bring the intelligence of his being mobbed, and suffering from torture more horrible than any ever devised by the most brutal savage.

With some, a wiser counsel prevailed, and all places of business then open, were closed, a number of saloons setting the example. Several places were immediately draped in mourning, and this will be done by the majority of the business men to-day.

The feeling which prevailed has only been equalled by that at the time of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, and many interesting reminiscences regarding that dark day are brought up by this parallel event.

As the excitement cooled down, the people returned to their homes, to meet again this morning, in staring type the dreary news that greeted them last night.

At two o'clock this morning Captain Dreusicke fired a salute of a number of guns in commemoration of the event.

In another column will be found a call for a citizens' meeting at two o'clock this afternoon, to take appropriate action in regard to the matter.

The *Daily News* of Tuesday, the 20th, contained the following:

OUR CALAMITY.

The President is dead. For the second time in our National existence have we been called upon to mourn for our leader, struck down in the midst of life by the cowardly hand of a miserable assassin. In the present case the circumstances are more to be regarded with horror than when President Lincoln was shot. At that time two factions of our country had been engaged in a long and bloody struggle for superiority and victory had perched upon the banners of the North. The leader was regarded with hate and enmity by the foe, and one of them, acting as thousands of his faction would probably have done, put an end to the life of the great man.

But in the present calamity the case is different. The Nation was prosperous and happy. Nothing was there to mar the universal feeling of peace and good will except a bitter political strife. This

strife was as disastrous to the Nation as it was unfortunate for our fallen chief. A designing fiend had determined upon his destruction, and only awaited the opportunity to carry out his murderous designs. The opportunity came on the second day of last July when Garfield was about leaving his cares and duties for a short visit among his family at the sea shore. The history of the shot and its consequences have been made familiar to all Americans. The Nation has been for weeks in suspense. Every change has been known to our people, and every unfavorable indication has caused a pang in the hearts of the American people. As the condition of the late President grew worse, the anxiety of the people became intense. Hardly a soul in the Nation but felt as badly as though they were about losing a near and dear friend. General Garfield held a place in the Nation's heart that few men have held or ever can hold. Born in the depths of obscurity, by his own manly efforts he rose higher and higher, till he was at the head of a great nation, and beloved alike by all parties.

There is a romance about his life that makes it all the more fascinating to contemplate. That a canal boy should rise till he was at the head of a noted ministration of bearing was a surprise to our people, but not more so than that a college president should rise in political preference and be chosen a State Senator. From this position he entered the war and by his manly courage and dignified bearing rose till he obtained a Major-General's commission. Onward and upward he went till he was named at Chicago as a fitting candidate for the greatest honor the Nation could bestow.

Throughout a bitter political struggle his demeanor was such as to call forth admiration from all good citizens.

He quietly accepted the honors conferred upon him through the ballot box and carefully awaited the day which should place him at the Nation's head. His actions, after he entered the White House, were determined, but his policy not oppressive. In a great political struggle he firmly maintained the position he believed to be right, in spite of fierce political foes. His policy elicited the hearty commendation of the country, and its citizens felt they had a leader they could trust.

But he is dead, and the tolling of the bells upon the midnight air was a fitting accompaniment to the wail of sorrow that went forth from the Nation's heart. He is dead, and a Nation to-day is in mourning; such mourning as has never been known in the history of our country. "He is dead yet his memory lives, and will" in the hearts of the American people as long as our Nation shall exist. He is dead, the citizen, the soldier and the leader, and his comrades and his people are left to mourn his untimely death. He is dead, the loving husband, the kind father, the honored friend, and his wife,

his children and his companions are in deep distress. What more is there to say. The pride of the American people has gone to his just reward, and a sorrowing Nation mourning his untimely end, unite as one man in raising to heaven the words: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord for they rest from their labors."

The following order appeared in the *Express* of Tuesday, the 20th:

MORTON POST, G. A. R. ATTENTION!

The death of the President, Comrade James A. Garfield, is announced. Let the comrades of this Post assemble at headquarters this (Tuesday) evening, September 20th, to take appropriate action on the great calamity that has befallen them and the whole Nation.

By order of

WM. H. ARMSTRONG, *Commander*.

CLIFF W. ROSS, *Adjutant*.

In pursuance of the above order, Morton Post No. 1, met at its headquarters last evening to take action on the death of their comrade, James A. Garfield. The attendance was very large.

A committee on resolutions, consisting of Captain John B. Hager, Fred A. Ross, Colonel Wm. E. McLean, N. Filbeck and George E. Farrington, was appointed.

The committee reported the following resolutions which were adopted by a unanimous rising vote:

Resolved, That this Post has heard, with sorrow unfeigned and unmitigated, of the death of the President of the United States.

Resolved, That in the death of our comrade, James A. Garfield, we recognize the hand of an over-ruling God, and bow in that humble submission to His decrees which so becomes His creatures.

Resolved, That while we are overwhelmed with grief at this untimely removal of our comrade by the hand of the assassin, we charge upon all good soldiers, to discountenance any movement looking to his punishment, not in strict accordance with the laws of this country for whose vindication they have fought and bled, and for which so many have laid down their lives.

Resolved, That this Post extends to the family of our late comrade that sympathy which wells up in our hearts, and to the anguished widow we can only say: "Still trust in Him who doeth all things well."

Resolved, That the headquarters of this Post shall be draped in mourning for the period of six months.

Resolved, That the Adjutant of this Post prepare copies of these resolutions for the city papers.

A floral tribute, to be deposited at the President's funeral, was unanimously voted.

While the committee were retiring to consult upon the resolutions, Dr. John D. Mitchell, Surgeon of the Post, addressed the comrades, as follows:

COMRADES—I have no words to express my feelings over the death of our beloved President. I can scarcely realize the fact. As Comrade Hager has just said, "It is too early to give expression to our feelings." The tolling of the bells last evening cast a gloom over our city amounting almost to despair—well we knew its meaning. To-day has appeared to me too sacred to pursue the ordinary business of life. It has appeared more like the Sabbath day—a day of humiliation, confession and faithful looking to Him who does all things well. We will ever hold our comrade and President in sacred memory.

Captain John B. Hager in presenting the resolutions said:

Your committee, in preparing the above resolutions for the consideration of the Post, deem it proper to say a word or two in explanation.

Resolutions of condolence are generally confined to expressions of sympathy, unaccompanied with extraneous matter, but the feeling created against the assassin, in consequence of the long suffering and death of his victim, has grown to such dimensions as to disregard all forms of law, in administering to him the punishment he so richly deserves. Such a proceeding would be a disgrace to our nation, and every effort should be made to modify it.

The committee therefore thought it proper that with the resolutions of condolence there should be published to the world the feeling of this Post of the Grand Army of the Republic with regard to it.

Col. Wm. E. McLean, in seconding the resolutions of the committee said:

It is unnecessary for me to say that the resolutions just read meet my hearty concurrence, and I regret that I am unable to add anything of interest beyond the language of the resolutions themselves. To-day, we are a nation of mourners. To-day, in the marts of commerce, in all this broad land, business is suspended, flags are at half mast, and the habilaments of woe are everywhere to be seen. To-day the heart of the Nation is sad, inexpressibly sad. A mighty chief has fallen, and not only that, but a comrade of our own organization has gone from the ranks of the living. It is peculiarly appropriate and fitting that we should turn aside from the toils of labor, from our every day avocations, to pay a just and fitting tribute of respect to

our fallen comrade, who after a gallant fight for life for more than two long months, has finally passed to

"The undiscovered country from whose bourne
no traveler returns."

Political strife, the bitter rancour of parties, personal animosities, all stand silent and in awe, in the august presence of death. As his comrades, and as citizens, as men, we weep to-day with the heroic but broken-hearted wife. We weep with bereaved and sorrowing children. We weep with the poor old mother, separated from him, and denied a last look at the face of her dead son, whom she bore and gave to his country and to history. But we weep with the living rather than for the dead. Around his bedside the American people have thrown the halo of their prayers, for weeks past, and to-day those same people will mingle their tears with those of that plain old mother, his devoted wife and his children—all members, as it were of one common family, bound together by the same tie of common sympathy, and common affection. This evening as we are assembled in our hall, it is well that our comrade, the dead President should claim our thoughts, but our hearts are too full for the just expression of our feelings. What can we say? How idle, how empty, how insufficient, how utterly unsatisfactory and void seems anything we can say. I am glad to know that his sufferings, at least, are at an end, that pain and agony are over with him; that he can go to Mentor now, there to await the angels' call.

By a unanimous vote the Post subsequently determined to hold special public Memorial Services on the following Sunday, September 25th, at the Opera House, and in pursuance of the same the following appeared the next day in the local press:

Special Orders, No. 5.

MORTON POST, G. A. R., ATTENTION!

I. The comrades of this Post will assemble at headquarters, at 2 o'clock, P. M., Sunday, September 25th, in uniform and with badges properly decorated, to attend the memorial services in honor of our late comrade, James A. Garfield, to be held at the Opera House, at half-past 3 o'clock.

II. The command will be escorted by the Ringgold Band, and will march without arms and with colors draped, to the Opera House, where the services will commence immediately on their arrival.

III. All union veteran soldiers are respectfully invited to join the column, and all military companies, or civic societies, who will attend as such, are requested to report at headquarters, corner of Sixth and Main street, at 3 o'clock, on date named when they will be assigned to places in the column.

CLIFF W. ROSS, *Adjutant.*

WM. H. ARMSTRONG, *Commander.*

A general citizens' meeting was held in the Opera House, on Wednesday, the 21st, which, considering the brief notice given, was quite largely attended, and the proceedings characterized by profound feeling and respectful attention. A meeting preliminary had been held at the Court House, on Tuesday afternoon, but had adjourned for this occasion.

Mayor James B. Lyne called the meeting to order, and in a few appropriate remarks, stated its object.

In behalf of the committee appointed on Tuesday, Col. R. W. Thompson came forward and read the following preamble and resolutions:

Although the death of President Garfield has not been entirely unexpected during his severe and protracted sufferings, yet the whole nation is plunged into mourning by its announcement—for a great and good man has fallen at the post of duty. Stricken down by the hand of an assassin, almost at the base of the National capital, he has gone to his rest with "all his blushing honors thick upon him," leaving to his countrymen the example of a "well spent life." Under any circumstances the death of a President of the United States, during his term of office, is a startling and melancholy event, but the unexampled enormity which has attended his is such as to arouse our deepest sensibilities, and to fill our minds with overflowing grief. Not only does the shock extend to the utmost confines of our own country, but its influence will be felt throughout the confines of the civilized world. All the nations will sympathize with us at such a calamity, and every sensitive heart will bleed at a fate so sad and undeserved.

James A. Garfield was a man of extraordinary and eminent qualities, both of head and heart. Deprived in early life of all the advantages of fortune, he was enabled, by his indomitable will and energy, to cultivate a classical purity of taste and store his mind with the richest treasures of knowledge. He surveyed every field of literature and gathered flowers from them all. By these his natural eloquence was enriched until, whenever an occasion called it forth, men wondered at the grandeur of his style, the sublimity of his thoughts, the accuracy of his judgment. His nature was noble, generous, manly. His heart was filled with benevolence and overflowed with charity. His emotions were all kindly. He suspected nothing in others and scorned it in his own conduct. He had no cunning to entrap an adversary, and practiced no duplicity to mislead him. He was bold and unyielding in maintaining his own convictions, but respected the convictions of others. He had the courage

to do right, as the right seemed to him, under any and all conditions. His patriotism was unbounded, and he shrank from no duty it demanded of him, whether in peace or war. He loved the whole country, North, South, East and West, with all the intensity of an ardent and earnest nature, and if he could have laid down his life in consummating the work of pouring balm into every sectional wound and rendering the Union forever indissoluble, would have considered it well spent. In private life the Christian purity of his character was exhibited with conspicuous lustre. His virtues were never dimmed by acts of injustice, and his ears were never deaf to the appeals of suffering. In all his associations with the world he maintained his personal integrity, because being true to himself he could not be false to others. While he performed every public duty with a stern and unbending courage, whether in peace or war, in the domestic and private circle all the brightest virtues clustered around him. Here he was as gentle, unsuspecting and playful as a child, for in this field all the best and purest elements of his nature found full play. The filial affection with which he clung to his venerable and honored mother proved how well she had done her duty in planting principles of integrity in his mind, and with what pride she must have looked upon him in the Presidential Mansion, when her memory ran back to the humble and obscure beginning of his career! For his courageous, noble-hearted and stricken wife he entertained more than affection—a feeling bordering on idolatry—for she had been, during all the years of his manly struggles in life, the sharer of his joys in success and his counselor in misfortune. To his children he has left the inheritance of an example such as few men leave, and if it is permitted by Providence that he shall look back from the “spirit land” and see them pursuing the same paths which he trod, his heart will rejoice at the thought that he has not lived in vain.

Why should such a man be cut off in the midst of his usefulness, so cruelly and so criminally as to arouse indignation in every honest and generous heart? Why should his career be suddenly ended at the beginning of an administration which he had resolved should be so conducted that the honor of the Nation should not suffer, and the spirit of discord should not disturb the harmony of the Union? The ways of Providence are mysterious and “past finding out.” It is not given unto us to know why we are afflicted, but when affliction comes, whether to the Nation or ourselves, it is our duty to submit, however hard the blow may fall. We do humbly submit to the loss we have sustained in the death of President Garfield, and trust that Providence will convert the calamity into National good, by subduing our passions, removing our animosities, destroying all the asperities of party and sectional intercourse, and making us all realize that as we

live under the protection of the same laws, we must, for good or evil, share a common destiny.

By the citizens of Terre Haute, assembled in mass meeting it is therefore

Resolved, That we regard the death of President Garfield as a National calamity—as an event for which the whole country should rightly mourn, not only because it is deprived of a President devoted to its best interests, but because the manner of his death was cruel, outrageous, and marked by the most criminal atrocity.

Resolved, That in his death the country has lost a courageous and honest defender, society an amiable and virtuous citizen, the administration a wise and sagacious leader, his immediate friends an instructive counselor, and his family one, who as son, husband and father, illustrated the beauties of a peaceful and virtuous life by his admonitions no less than his example.

Resolved, That we tender to Mrs. Garfield and her bereaved children our heartfelt sympathies on account of their irreparable loss and commend them to that Providence, who “tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,” and has a balm for every wound—who heals all affliction and binds up the broken heart.

Resolved, That the chairman of this meeting be instructed to forward to Mrs. Garfield a copy of these proceedings.

After reading the resolutions, Mr. Thompson said he could not allow the opportunity to pass without saying something of the dead President. He said that when General Garfield left his home to assume the responsibilities of the office to which the people had elected him, he was greatly touched, and expressed himself feelingly to his friends and neighbors, upon parting with them for the last time. Without being able to foresee the terrible calamity which was to befall him, he appreciated the responsibility and difficulty of the great task imposed upon him. He was not killed because any one had personal spite against him. No man could have personal spite against James A. Garfield. His assassin was a disappointed office-seeker, who shot him because he did not receive an office which he was incapable of filling. The blow which killed Garfield was aimed not only at him, but against our institutions, and was an offense against the empire of nations. A President has been stricken down at his post of duty, and it is creditable to the fifty millions of inhabitants of this country that there is but one such assassin. In conclusion, he congratulated the country on the wisdom of the framers

of the constitution, through whose foresight all contingencies are provided for, and the affairs of the government move on as smoothly as before.

Senator D. W. Voorhees in moving the adoption of the resolutions paid the following beautiful tribute to the memory of the lamented President :

MR. MAYOR—I cannot remain silent on such an occasion as this. All that is mortal of him, who a few hours ago, was the living head of the most powerful government on the globe, now lies cold and still in death. The sounds, and emblems of mourning are encircling the earth to-day. Throughout the boundaries of the Republic the bells are tolling for the illustrious dead, and following the track of the sun, wherever the dread intelligence finds the American flag, whether on the stately squadron, or coasting schooner; whether over the proud embassy, or the humble consulate, there it will droop at half-mast and its brilliant folds will be shadowed with crape. And with American sorrow will be mingled the sorrow of the whole civilized world. Every nation will be a mourner at this saddest of all funerals in American history. The President of the United States died in public, with the world looking on from hour to hour, counting his pulse beats, and his breathings, and in all the long tragedy he faced death, so well, bore himself so manfully, without murmur of complaint, or word of vengeance, that civilized nations of every clime and kindred will stand uncovered as his funeral train carries him back to his beloved Western home.

Sir, I knew James A. Garfield well, and except on the political field, we had strong sympathies together. It is nearly eighteen years since we first met, and during that period I had the honor to serve seven years in the House of Representatives with him. I have been asked, in this hour of universal grief, to place some estimate upon his character. The kindness of his nature, and his mental activity, were his leading traits. In all his intercourse with men, women and children no kinder heart ever beat in human breast than that which struggled on until half-past ten Monday night, and then forever stood still. There was a light in his face, a chord in his voice, and a pressure in his hand which were full of love for his fellow beings. His manners were ardent and demonstrative with those to whom he was attached, and he filled the private circle with sunlight, and with magnetic current. He had the joyous spirits of boyhood, and the robust intellectuality of manhood, more perfectly combined than any one I ever knew. Such a character was necessarily almost irresistible with those who knew him personally, and it accounts for that undying

hold which, under all circumstances, bound him to his immediate constituents with hooks of steel. Such a nature, however, always has its dangers as well as its strength and its blessings. The kind heart and the open hand never accompany a suspicious, distrustful mind. Designing men mark such a character for their own selfish uses, and General Garfield's faults, for he had faults, as he was human, sprang more from this circumstance than from all others combined. He was prompt and eager to respond to the wishes of those he esteemed his friends, whether inside or outside of his own political party. That he made some mistakes in his long, busy career is but repeating the history of every generous and obliging man who has lived and died in public life. They are not such, however, as are recorded in Heaven, nor will they mar or weaken the love of his countrymen. The poor, laboring boy, the self-made man, the hopeful, buoyant soul in the face of all difficulties and odds, constitute an example for the American youth which will never be lost nor grow dim.

The estimate to be placed on the intellectual abilities of General Garfield must be a very high one. Nature was bountiful to him, and his improvements were extensive and solid. He was an industrious, judicious student, and his rapidity of thought, and activity of mind, were at times, amazing. He grasped a subject as quickly as any man who ever took part in the public affairs of the world. He had that fine mental courage which shrinks from no investigation. His acquirements were consequently rich and various. If I might make a comparison, I would say, that with the exception of Jefferson, and John Quincy Adams, he was the most learned President, in what is written in books, in the whole range of American history. This, in my judgment, will be the rank assigned him by the historian of the future.

The Christian character of General Garfield cannot, with propriety, be omitted in a glance, however brief, at his remarkable career. Those who knew him best in the midst of his ambition, and his worldly hopes, will not fail now at his tomb, to bear their testimony to his faith in God, and his love for the teachings of the blessed Nazarene: Though upon the summit of human greatness he avowed his Master's cause and accepted the kingdom of Heaven in the spirit of a child. His chamber of death adds one more conspicuous illustration of the serenity and peace with which a Christian meets his fate. As the earth with all its honors, its loves and its hopes receded and disappeared, he was comforted by sights and sounds which this world can neither give nor take away.

It seems but yesterday that I saw him last, and parted from him, in all the glory of his physical and mental manhood. His eye was

full of light, his tread elastic and strong, and the world lay bright before him. He talked freely of public men and public affairs. His resentments were like sparks from the flint. He cherished them not for a moment. Speaking of one whom he thought had wronged him, he said to me, that sooner or later he intended to pour coals of fire on his head by acts of kindness to some of his kindred. He did not live to do so, but the purpose of his heart has been placed to his credit in the book of eternal life.

Sir, as to the public measures, and the recent vivid occurrences connected with his brief administration, I am not here now to speak. At other times, and in another forum, that task may perhaps be required, but not on this occasion of grief and commiseration.

General Garfield's career at the head of the government was sad, stormy and tragic. He drank a bitter cup to its dregs. He realized within his own party, in fullest measure, the harsh reward of an honorable and successful ambition.

He who ascends the mountain-tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapped in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Though high *above* the sun of glory glow,
And far *beneath* the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils which to those summits led.

But at last he has found rest and peace—the rest and peace of eternity to a Christian soul. As President, loving husband, and father, affectionate son and faithful friend, he will walk the earth no more. Alas! how pathetic was his death. At the high noon-time of life, not quite fifty years of age, with a career already made which would read like romance in any other country than this, and with a mission just before him in which he believed, and for which he longed to live, he fell by the hand of a wretch who had voted for him, and wanted some poor office in return. And then the long struggle with slowly approaching, but certain death. Whose eye has not wept as the brave man was seen during the last eighty dreadful days, fighting his last great battle, and fighting it in vain? Like the strong swimmer in the surf of the sea, striving for the shore, he sometimes seemed to be nearing a point of safety, but with each ebbing wave he was carried further out, until at last he was gone forever from our anxious gaze, on that tide which breaks alone on the high shores of immortality. How gladly would a million of lives been ventured for his rescue; but it could not be, and we bow our heads and our hearts in helpless submission. May God in His

loving mercy have the bereaved wife and the orphaned children in His holy keeping.

I have no heart now to speak of the future administration of the government. I have faith in the American people, and all will be well. They are a source of power and of safety within themselves, and they can be trusted that no harm shall happen to the Republic. He who takes the place, under the Constitution, of the dead President has my profound sympathy, and he will have my earnest support in all his efforts to promote the welfare and glory of our common and beloved country.

Sir, I have the honor to move the adoption of the resolutions which have been offered, and are now pending before this meeting.

Hon. Thomas H. Nelson came forward and seconded the motion to adopt the resolutions and said:

It seems like a work of supererogation for me to attempt to add anything to what has been so well said already on this sad occasion.

All of us, I am sure concur most cordially in the truthful, touching and eloquent tributes to the illustrious dead, by our distinguished fellow townsmen, Colonel Thompson and Senator Voorhees. Their social and official relations at Washington gave them ample opportunities to form a just estimate of the great soldier, scholar and statesman, the noble Christian gentleman who has just gone to his great reward.

These gentlemen, in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," have given voice and expression to the sentiments of our whole people, so far at least as their feelings and sentiments can be conveyed in words.

Out of a population of more than 30,000 souls in this beautiful city, there cannot be found a man, woman or child who does not sincerely mourn our great National loss. Each one of us feels as if we had sustained a personal loss—as if some dear one of our own household had died. This feeling, I doubt not, is universal. In all this broad land of ours, from the lakes to the gulf and from ocean to ocean the voice of mourning and lamentation is heard. Every heart is grieved at the sad and tragical close of the life of our beloved President. All over the globe, where the light of civilization has penetrated, people of every nation, kindred and tongue, and representing every system of government, manifest in unequivocal terms their profound sorrow and sympathy. The civilized world is this day clad in the habiliments of woe.

In our country no man was more universally beloved. He had not a single personal enemy. He never harmed a human being.

During the whole of his long agony—nearly three months of pa-

tient, dreadful suffering—our people, without regard to party or creed, watched and waited with the most intense anxiety and earnestly prayed for his recovery. The great heart of the Nation was in that sick chamber, and every pulsation of his was felt in all our extremities.

It is one of the alleviations of this cruel calamity that our people have been more closely drawn together by the bond of a great sorrow, than they would have been under other circumstances in half a century.

How deeply we all sympathized with that noble, faithful wife, as she sat by the bedside of her dying husband, holding his poor, waning hand in her own and watching with unutterable anguish the fast waning life of her loved one. Toward the last, it is said, the mind of the sufferer wandered. He was once more back at Mentor, where he had passed the happiest days of his life. He sat in the dear old homestead again surrounded by those he loved most—his aged mother, so proud of her big boy; his devoted wife and his beloved children. The telegram concludes, with touching pathos: "The moan of the restless ocean mingled with the sobs of loved ones, as the lamp of life flickered and went out forever."

With the brilliant career of General Garfield we are all familiar. It furnishes a beautiful illustration of the genius and spirit of our institutions. Springing from a humble class of our people, laboring for years with his own hands for a livelihood, by virtue of his talents, industry, honesty and patriotism, he attained what I conceive to be the loftiest position on earth and conferred honor on the place. He so conducted himself in his great office during his brief administration, as to command the confidence of his countrymen and the respect of the civilized world. What a noble example for the youth of this country! Upon such men as Garfield and that other illustrious martyr, Abraham Lincoln, God Almighty has unmistakably placed his seal of nobility. Lincoln and Garfield belong not alone to us, but to mankind, and their names and fame will grow brighter and greater in the coming centuries.

It is a matter of profound congratulation to us as American citizens, that, although our loved Chief Magistrate has been taken from us, the supremacy of the law is maintained. The dignity and stability of our government is made manifest by the silent transfer of the presidency to his constitutional successor. What a triumph of the principles of republican government.

Fellow citizens, the life of no man is essential to the Nation's life. The death of no man can for a moment check the regular action of our system of government. Garfield is dead, but thank God the Nation lives. The friends of liberty die, but liberty itself is immortal.

No assassin's weapon can extinguish its life, or arrest its onward march. The chariot wheels of American civilization will not and cannot be impeded.

It is our heart's desire and prayer to Almighty God that this glorious republic of ours, to which Garfield dedicated his life, may continue and forever remain a monument of true liberty, wisdom, peace, progress and prosperity, on which the world may gaze with admiration forever.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted.

OTHER MATTERS.

It was announced by Captain J. B. Hager that on Sunday afternoon a memorial service would be held in the Opera House at three o'clock, under the auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic, to which all are invited.

On motion the meeting then adjourned.

RESOLUTIONS BY THE GOVERNOR'S GUARDS.

At a meeting of the Governor's Guards held at their armory Wednesday evening, September 22d, 1881, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we have heard with regret of the death of the President, James A. Garfield, at the hands of an assassin.

Resolved, That in his death the country has lost a gallant soldier and a wise statesman, the family a noble son, husband and father.

Resolved, That in their bereavement the family of the deceased President has the sincere sympathy of this company.

Resolved, That the armory of this organization be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished the daily and weekly papers of this city for publication.

GEORGE A. SCHAAL,
GEORGE F. SEAMAN,
THOMAS A. ANDERSON,
Committee.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON,

(The 25th inst.)

In pursuance with the published orders and programme, the memorial services to the memory of the martyred President, under the auspices of the G. A. R. occurred at the

Opera House Sunday afternoon. The stage had been most appropriately draped, the motto, "The Nation Mourns," being stretched across from wing to wing, portraits of the President arranged in different places, surrounded by mourning emblems. Near the center of the stage was placed an altar covered with the National Colors, draped white and black, and ornamented with flowers, and a floral design bearing the inscription, "J. A. G. Rest," and guarded by stacks of guns, arranged in order.

Morton Post, No. 1, G. A. R., who conducted the memorial services, turned out about 250 strong, including the Hager Veterans in uniform, and were escorted to the Opera House by the Governor's Guards, McKeen Cadets, and a detachment of the Terre Haute Light Artillery, the Ringgold Band leading and playing a funeral march. On arriving at the Opera House, where all, except the reserved space, was already packed to its utmost capacity, the comrades of the post moved into the front and side seats of orchestra chairs, and remained standing, while the military companies occupied the right and left flanks of the balcony circle. The officers of the Post took their proper positions on the stage. The Post officers were seated on the left of the Commander, while on the right were the Past Department Officers, Captains J. B. Hager and S. E. Armstrong, the speakers, Col. W. E. McLean, Hon. R. W. Thompson and Prof. Joseph Carhart, and the specially invited guests, among whom were Senator D. W. Voorhees, Hon. Thomas H. Nelson, W. R. McKeen, Esq., Ex-Mayor B. F. Havens, Hon. George P. Brown, President of the State Normal School, and the ministers from all the city churches.

The choir of the Presbyterian Church, led by William D. Ewing, and with Miss Emma Allen at the organ, rendered the musical part of the exercises in excellent style.

While the positions were being taken the Ringgold Band, under the direction of Prof. Breinig, rendered a beautiful voluntary, after which the following services were had:

Commander Wm. H. Armstrong: Attention! Morton Post, No. 1, Department of Indiana, Grand Army of the Republic! The Adjutant will read Memorial Orders from Headquarters!

Adjutant Cliff W. Ross then read the orders from the National and Department headquarters, as follows:

HEADQUARTERS GRAND ARMY REPUBLIC,
No. 10 Pemberton Square,
BOSTON, September 20, 1881.

[General Orders, No. 10.]

Dead at Elberon! The mournful message, the solemn toll of bell, the half-raised flag, the saddened countenance, speak the Nation's sorrow for its illustrious dead. The weeks of weary, patient suffering are ended, and President James A. Garfield, our comrade and old companion-in-arms, the pure patriot, brave warrior, wise statesman, noble ruler, Christian hero, has been mustered out of our Grand Army, to join the ranks of the invisible host above. In every home in our broad land to-day there is one dead.

But there is no death to one whose life has been brave, and generous, and true; tho' the sleeping form may moulder into dust, his memory lives in immortal youth; and in this hour of universal gloom, we temper our sorrow and dry our tears in the sunshine of his great worth and bright example.

Spared from the peril of hotly contested fields, General Garfield has fallen by the assassin's bullet, but not till he had given to the Republic, in the fullness of a well-rounded manhood, a life of purity, sweetness, and nobility which will stand as an example to American youth, through unnumbered years to come.

Our tenderest sympathy and warmest love go out to the brave, devoted wife, the aged mother, and the weeping children, in the bereavement which we can only faintly share.

It will be fitting, during the passage of the funeral cortege to the place of final rest, that the Grand Army of the Republic, wherever opportunity presents, should offer to act as escort or guard of honor to the body of their late comrade.

All officers of the Grand Army, when on duty on public occasions, will wear crape upon the left arm during the next thirty days; colors will be appropriately draped during the same period, and flags should be displayed at half mast on the day of the funeral.

By command of
GEO. S. MERRILL,
Commander-in-Chief.

WILLIAM M. OLIN,
Adjutant General.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF INDIANA,
Grand Army of the Republic,
Assistant Adjutant General's Office,
INDIANAPOLIS, Indiana, September 20th, 1881.

[General Order No. 5.]

It becomes the sad duty of the commander of this department to officially announce the death of Comrade James A. Garfield, Presi-

dent of the United States. He who was spared the perils of battle—which none more nobly faced—to add to the honors there won, until there were for him no heights to scale, has fallen by the hand of an assassin. “The heart of the Nation will not let the glorious memory of the old soldier die.”

As a symbol of the grief which shadows the heart of every member of our organization, it is hereby directed that the Post rooms of this Department be suitably draped with mourning emblems, the same to remain in position for sixty days; that all badges worn within that period be decorated with crape, and that memorial services be held in all Posts of this Department.

W. W. DUDLEY,
Department Commander.

BEN. D. HOUSE,
Assistant Adjutant General.

Commander Armstrong then addressed the veterans of the Post as follows:

Obedience is a soldier's duty. It is not, however, merely in obedience to orders that we assemble here to-day. The most generous instincts of our hearts prompts us to do what the orders from headquarters command.

A comrade whose gallant and valuable services to his country had made his name illustrious at home and respected abroad has fallen.

With a soldier's submission to the rulings of Providence, we bow in sorrow with the common country at its shrine, whereon is laid one more martyr President!

This day let us commemorate his valor and his worth! It is eloquent with a patriotism which did not speak only from the lips, and sacred with the almost visible presence of one who goes to join the innumerable company of those who muster to-day upon the parade ground of heaven. Comrades, salute the dead!

[Salute by raising the hat with right hand and placing left hand on the heart.]

Commander: Attention! Uncover! Be seated!

[The comrades all remove their hats at the command and are seated.]

The Commander then said:

FRIENDS: As Commander of this Post, I welcome you in the name of my comrades to this public service. By this memorial custom we intend to emphasize our respect for the services and virtues of our dead comrades, and to perpetuate their memories. Comrade James A. Garfield, whose memory we meet to honor to-day, did brilliant service upon the field where he shared with us the camp and the battle. He was a member of the Department of the Potomac,

Grand Army of the Republic, at the time of his death, and has ever been one of the proudest and staunchest, and the truest in his love for the order.

As we have been proud to share his comradeship so will we be to join in perpetuating his memory. May we, therefore, all join so reverently in these exercises that what we call a memorial day may be to our dead a day of coronation.

Choir: Anthem—“By the Rivers of Babylon.”

Commander: “Adjutant, for what purpose is this meeting called?”

Adjutant: “To pay our tribute of respect to the memory of our late comrade, James A. Garfield.”

Commander: “Have you a record of his services in the cause of our country, and in the Grand Army of the Republic?”

Adjutant: “Commander, I have.”

Commander: “You will read it.”

The Adjutant then read the record as follows:

James A. Garfield was born at Orange, Cuyahoga County, Ohio, on the 19th day of November, 1831. During the dark and trying hour of the country's existence, he was one of the 1,500,000 citizen soldiers whom duty called to the field, and in August, 1861, he received his first commission as Lieutenant Colonel of the Forty-second Regiment of Ohio Volunteers, and was soon afterwards promoted to Colonel of the same regiment. At a subsequent date he was appointed to the command of brigade, and took part in the second day's fight at Shiloh, and served with honor in the operations around Corinth. In 1863 he was made Chief of Staff to General Rosecrans, and at the battle of Chickamauga served as the counsellor, adviser and executive of this General, and proved himself to be a courageous soldier and gallant officer. He was afterwards commissioned to a Major General of Volunteers. In December, 1863, he reluctantly resigned his commission to accept a seat in Congress, to which he had been elected. In January, 1880, he was elected as United States Senator from Ohio, to succeed Senator Thurman, and in June of the same year he received the nomination for President, was elected the second day of November following, and on the 4th of March, 1881, he was inaugurated as President of the United States, at Washington. He died in his fiftieth year, at Elberon, New Jersey, on the 19th day of September, 1881.

He was a member of the Department of the Potomac, Grand Army of the Republic, at the time of his death.

At the close of the reading of the record of the illustrious dead the solemn roll of the muffled drums was heard, three times repeated. The Commander broke the impressive stillness which followed by saying :

"The record is an honorable one, and as the memory of all faithful soldiers should be cherished and their record preserved, I direct that it be placed in the archives of the Post for further reference."

A responsive Scriptural service was then held, Chaplain W. R. Elder leading and the comrades responding, beginning: "What man is that liveth and shall not see death? shall he deliver his soul from the hand of the grave? If a man die shall he live again?" and ending with "There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain," etc.

Choir chant: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

The comrades then formed a hollow square, around the altar, and prayer was said by the Chaplain, as follows:

Almighty God, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, who brought life and immortality to light, we bow before Thee on this Memorial Day. We thank Thee that the valor, and devotion, and sacrifice unto death of those whose memories we revere, vindicate our expectation that no threat against the country's honor shall ever be accomplished, but as in the past Thou didst give to our dead the spirit of fidelity and of heroism, so Thou wilt give to those steadfast in the cause of human rights and liberty, of law and order, of social justice and National rectitude, Thy wisdom to direct, Thy might to strengthen, Thy love to bless.

We thank Thee for peace, that the anger of cannon no longer burdens the air, that the gleam of saber and bayonet no longer blinds the eyes, that the passion of war is stilled, and that mercy ministers to the authority of the Nation.

Continue, we pray Thee, the memory of the dead. Strengthen, we pray Thee, the hearts of the living; bless, we pray Thee, our whole people, that it may be a Nation whose God is the Lord; deepen and ennoble that faith that shall make the Grand Army of the Republic the color-guard of the Nation's patriotism, and let our country now and forever be the "land of the free and the home of the brave."

We beseech Thee, look in mercy on the widow and children of the deceased comrade, and with thine own tenderness console and comfort them; give them "the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

And now, O God, bless Thou this memorial.

Bless it, O God in honor of an aged mother who inspired her son to brave and noble deeds.

In honor of a brave wife who weeps for a husband ruthlessly torn from her bosom.

In honor of children whose heritage is their fallen father's heroic name.

In honor of a loyal Nation, sorrow-stricken.

Let the memory of this memorial event endure unto the last generation, and may its influence be for the education of the citizen, for the honor of civil life, for the advancement of the Nation, for the blessing of humanity, and for the furtherance of Thy holy kingdom.

Hear us, O our God, we ask it in the name of him who made proof of the dignity, and who consecrated the power of sacrifice, in His life and death, even in the name of Jesus Christ, the Great Captain of our salvation.

AMEN.

The Ringgold Band then gave, in faultless style, "Nearer My God to Thee."

The Post Commander then introduced Colonel Wm. E. McLean, who on behalf of the G. A. R., delivered the following address:

COLONEL McLEAN'S ADDRESS.

The beautiful and impressive ceremonial to which you have listened explains why we have assembled here upon this occasion.

As comrades of the G. A. R., we bend in sadness to-day, weeping over the loss of a fallen comrade.

The mournful tolling of the bells on Monday night, whose solemn announcement plunged a Nation in grief, and shocked the civilized world, told us of the Grand Army also, that a comrade had fallen from the ranks, that a comrade beloved by us, and the best beloved of the Nation had gone to his rest.

General James A. Garfield, President of the United States, after having passed unharmed through the perils of battle, after having borne his part nobly and well as a soldier upon the field, after having been elevated to the highest distinction in the gift of his countrymen, has been doomed, in the mysterious dispensation of Providence, while

in the pride and vigor of his manhood, in the midday splendor of his greatness, he the first citizen of the Great Republic of fifty-two millions of freeman, to die by the hand of the assassin.

In the Congress of 1799, when the announcement of the death of General Washington was made in that body, appropriate resolutions were passed to express the high appreciation of the Representatives of the people of the pre-eminent public services of the Father of his Country, and profound grief at his loss. His death was considered a great National calamity, and in the beautiful and appropriate language of Chief Justice Marshall, who introduced the resolutions, the words of which have become immortal, he was proclaimed as having been, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." If it cannot be said of General Garfield that he, like the Father of his Country, was also "first in war, and first in peace," it can, with truth be said of him, that for months past he has been first in the hearts, first in the sympathies, yes, and first in the prayers of his countrymen, and I will go further and say, first in the sympathies and prayers of the civilized world.

There is no village so secluded, no farm house so solitary, there is no spot where civilized man lives in all this earth, where there will not be some emotion, some manifestation, welling up from the great heart of humanity, of sorrow, of grief and of mourning.

After calmly looking into the face of death for eleven long, dreary weeks, while the people waited and watched, he yielded at last to the grim destroyer. To us, his comrades, it is particularly gratifying to know that in spite of agony, and pain, and suffering intense, he made a gallant fight for life, and the story of that death-bed struggle, now so familiar to every school boy who reads in the land, will go down in the years to come, as the saddest page of our country's history. There was to be seen no blanching of the cheek, no trembling of the lip. The same grand, high soldierly qualities which marked his career upon the field, were exhibited upon an heroic death bed. But while the people prayed for his recovery, with the fervor of patriots, and the piety of Christians, the great issues of life and death were with God alone, and He, in His wisdom, willed that a life, in which all had an interest, should go out in death. He died only as a good man can die.

When God shall send his angel to us, bearing the scroll of death, may we be able to bow our heads to his mission, with as much of gentleness and resignation as marked the last hours of James A. Garfield.

It is not for me to attempt upon this occasion, a critical analysis of the character of General Garfield. I confess my inability to pay even a just and fitting tribute to his memory. The tears which have

been shed, the world-wide expression of sorrow, *these* are a more eloquent eulogy, a nobler panegyric of the illustrious dead, than any man can pay. And it is fit and proper that General Garfield should be so mourned, for he was a great and tender soul. In him, as was to be found in that other martyr, Abraham Lincoln, there was a union, a happy blending, of the loftiest and the gentlest attributes of true manhood, that rare combination of high mental and moral qualities, which compels admiration and wins affection. There is *enough* of James A. Garfield, in what he was, and what he did, in his pure life, his spotless character, and his heroic death, to furnish a common ground, upon which *all* his countrymen, those who aided in his elevation to the presidency, as well as those of us who did not thus aid him; all can unite in mingling their hearty tributes to his memory, all can drop a tear over his cruel fate.

In the short term of General Garfield's incumbency of the presidential office, it is not saying too much I think, to say that he won the confidence of the entire people, in fact, in the very threshold of his administration, by one act vindicating the prerogative of his high trust, he conquered the respect and won the admiration of the American people, and when he fell by the hands of the assassin, that respect, that admiration bloomed into love.

I cannot but regard the life and career of General Garfield as the romance of the age. A sturdy Western man, brim full of Americanism, he made himself also by industrious cultivation and correct habits of life, a model American gentleman. There never lived in this broad land a man who was a better illustration of the genius of our peculiar institutions. A poor, friendless boy, born in poverty and obscurity, *his* cradle was rocked by the feet of a mother whose hands at the same time were busy with the needle or at the wheel. We see him, the lone boy on the tow path, the axeman chopping in the forest, the young man, working for his living, with hammer and saw, he is one of the best illustrations that this country has ever produced of that glorious feature of American institutions, that no man so poor, no little boy born to such poverty, but that with a clear head, a stout arm and an honest heart, he may rise to the highest. Let the youth of the land, let every young man coming up into maturity, remember that our country, like the generous mother, opens her arms to welcome and to cherish every one of her children, be they the sons of wealth or the children of penury, whose genius or whose worth may promote her prosperity, or add glory to her name.

General Garfield's was a life of industry, and full of achievement, his life was a struggle, but always a struggle of triumph, and as such it will be a useful, an instructive biography for the children and youth of our country to read in the years to come. He

was not carried by some lucky flood tide to the pinnacle upon which he rested, but he gained the elevation he attained by buffetting the contending waves. His political career may be said to have been one triumphant march through life, a march in which his step neither faltered or stumbled in his ascent to the highest place in the gift of the American people.

While he trod the difficult and devious paths of political preferment long and successfully, yet it is to-day the sentiment of the country that he kept his robes pure, unsoiled by the vile mire which too often pollutes those ways. And let me say that that man who dying can be said to have passed his days without one spot on his honor, without one stain upon his fair name, can be said to have justly earned the honors due to a well spent life.

It is said that the story of every human life, if rightly told, may convey a useful lesson to those who survive. Of all the public men which the country has produced, there are few to be found, whose life more impressively teaches that great moral, that honor and virtue and personal purity are, after all, the surest roads to success. It is true that nature had been bountiful in her gifts to General Garfield.

It was my lot and privilege as a spectator, to see General Garfield, as the spokesman of the Ohio delegation, upon the floor of the late Chicago convention. In that arena he was a marked and distinguished figure; he exhibited those splendid abilities which attract and lead captive the world calls genius, but he possessed what in my rare assemblage the world calls wisdom, a resolute purpose to pursue opinion is better far, a sound judgment, a capacity to gather wisdom from experience.

In our mere mortal vision, none of us are wise enough to solve the mystery of his sudden and shameful taking off. That is a dark providence, the mystery of which we cannot fathom. It is the most singular and extraordinary thing in all our history as a people, that our two Presidents who were the most gentle and kindly in their lives, who sprang from the ranks of the plain people, themselves plain, simple and unostentatious, should have fallen by the hands of the assassin.

Garfield, shot by a driveling lunatic, a worthless vagabond, a miserable office seeking hound; it is pleasing to believe that no other was engaged with him, either in contemplation or execution in his bloody work, but that he stands to-day alone, in isolated infancy among the American people.

But upon the other hand, it is *not* pleasant to reflect that he too much resembles a low type of the low, place-hunting and office-begging vermin, who fasten themselves upon every political party in the country. Our National Capital is the natural focus, the tramping

ground of this class—men who never did an honest day's work in their lives, but who ought to be driven with club and cowhide to the workshops and the fields. Our President shot down by such an accursed catiff! as well to have been bitten and to have perished by the bite of a rabid dog!

It remains only for us, his comrades, for good people everywhere, who mourn this strange bereavement, to take such comfort as we may from a contemplation of his virtues. We can rejoice at least that his sufferings are over, that on to-morrow, mid the tollings of the bells of a continent, he will be put to sleep, upon the banks of the beautiful lake, amid the scenes he loved so well. We can rejoice that *there* he will sleep well, *there* he will be at rest, regretting nothing of the vain pomp which he left behind him.

Among the precious memories that will circle round the name of the second martyr President, and grow brighter as the years roll on is the recollection of the sweet purity of his domestic life. The plain old mother that bore him, and who was so proud of her boy, the brave and ever devoted wife and the children—these were the apple of his eye. No honors could estrange him from that charmed circle. The lessons of that love, devotion and affection! they will live forever. They will live when the weapons of victorious battle shall be broken, when the sound of the poet's lyre shall have died away forever, when green wreaths have faded, and glorious monuments of human skill have perished, when this earth itself shall have toppled into primeval chaos, and stars cease to burn, they will be remembered among the jewels worn in Heaven.

Garfield, the President, is dead, but the government still lives. The government of the people, by the people and for the people, is not a man, but is greater than the greatest of her statesmen, and the most beloved of her rulers. Let us discharge our duties and responsibilities as citizens, and girding our loins, let us determine that this, the winter of our discontent, shall be made a glorious summer, by our country entering upon a new career of prosperity and peace, a career of prosperity and peace unexampled in the history of nations.

To-morrow, amid sighs and tears, amid all the trappings of woe, Ohio will take back to her soil, the ashes of her lamented son. But a few brief, fleeting months ago she sent him forth her own; to-morrow she receives him back, the nation's and the world's. There let him sleep on the green hillside chosen by himself, the murmur of the waters of the lake chanting his lullaby, careless alike of sunshine and of storm, "in his windowless palace of rest." Cleveland will become the new-made Mecca of patriotic devotion.

Sleep on then, thou second martyr of the Republic. No friend of thine would ever call thee back, but bid thee sleep in sweetest peace,

while surging waters sing thy requiem, and the morning dawn proclaims thy immortal honor.

After singing by the choir of "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," Prof. Joseph Carhart was then introduced, and recited the following poem, collated for the occasion, and entitled, "The Nation's Chief has Fallen."

Not as some great captain falls
In battle, where his country calls,
Beyond the struggling lines
That push his dread designs

To doom, by some stray ball struck dead!
Or, in the last charge at the head
Of his determined men
Who must be victorious then!

Not as some aged man who, having won
The bound of man's appointed years, at set of sun,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done, at last
Serenely to his final rest has passed:

But in his bloom, with health and hope aglow!
He fell! He fell beneath the assassin's blow!
Dead—slain—the wisest, humblest, bravest, best,
Most christian chief a people ere possessed:

He filled the nation's eye and heart,
An honored, loved, familiar name;
So much a brother, that his fame
Seemed of our lives a common part.

* * * * *
Thou Cain! Iscariot! Wretch whom all detest!
Snake, warmed within a Nation's breast!
How couldst thou crawl, with lifted crest,
And strike our eagle in his nest?

'Tis hard to die when life is strong,
When the blood in the vein speeds brisk along,
When the heart throbs lustily, free from age,
And hopes of the future the mind engage!

* * * * *
Hear! Ten thousand bells reveal it!
See! A million shrouded banners seal it!
Thrice ten million hearts do feel it!
Garfield is dead!

One traitor hand—one direful blow,
Has plunged unnumbered hearts in woe.
From eastern shore to western steep,
From lake to where the gulf wave sleeps,
Lo! the whole stricken Nation weeps!

* * * * *

Bear him to his western home,
Whence he went six months ago;
Not beneath some mighty dome,
But where freedom's airs may come,
Where the prairie grasses grow,
To the friends who loved him so.

Take him to his quiet rest;
Toll the bell and fire the gun;
He who served his country best,
He whom millions loved and blest,
Now has fame immortal won:
Rack of pain and heart is done.

Shed thy tears, O gentle rain,
O'er the bed wherein he sleeps!
Wash away the bloody stains!
Drape the skies in grief, O rain!
Lo! a Nation with thee weeps,
Grieving o'er her martyred slain!

To the People whence he came,
Bear him gently back again!
Greater his than victor's fame;
His is now a sainted name.

* * * * *

Around Thy throne, Almighty God,
A weeping Nation kneels this day;
Bending to kiss Thy chast'ning rod,
Their heart-felt sacred homage pay.

Grant comfort to the widowed heart,
Its lacerated feelings calm;
Thy heavenly influence impart,
Give to the mother's woe thy ever-healing balm.

Oh, reconcile us to the loss
Which we have met this day to mourn,
Teach us to bear the heavy cross,
As by Thy blessed Son 'twas borne.

Though traitors seek our country's doom,
Though homicide our chieftain's life-blood drains,
And everything seems wrapt in gloom,
We still believe, *God Reigns*.

A novel incident was noticed by many of the audience in connection with the reading of this poem. During its recital the stage was darkened, but just as the closing words were spoken, "God Reigns," the sun, which had been hidden behind a cloud, came out in full force, lighting up the portrait

of General Garfield, which hung on the right of the stage, until it seemed almost life-like.

The "Prayer from Maritana" was then rendered, after which Col. R. W. Thompson was introduced and spoke as follows:

COLONEL THOMPSON'S ADDRESS.

GENTLEMEN OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC, LADIES AND FELLOW CITIZENS:

In all the economy of nature there is nothing more certain, no law more fixed and immutable, than that all mankind shall die. We live in the presence of death every moment of our being. It surrounds us in myriads of mysterious forms, in the air, the breeze, the storm, the calm, the sunbeam and the flower. We begin to die the instant we are born. All life is but a highway to the tomb. Every rocking of the cradle, every step we take, every breath we draw, every palpitation of the heart, every beating of the pulse, brings us nearer and nearer to the "last of earth,"—closer and closer to the confines of the grave. Through the whole journey of life, from childhood to old age, we are encompassed with health and sickness, joy and grief, pleasure and pain, sunshine and cloud; and are buffeted about with disappointing hopes and fears, like some tiny bark upon the billows of the sea, until the turmoil ends at last in death.

"Life is a weary interlude,
Which doth short joys, long woes include:
The world the stage, the prologue tears,
The acts vain hopes and varied fears;
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
And leaves no epilogue but death."

The occurrence of an event so common as the death of a single individual, is not apt to excite universal attention, or to make a lasting impression upon other minds than those torn and lacerated by the loss. When only the domestic circle is broken the heart bleeds in silence, and the tear-drop trickles down unseen by the world. Even when the battle-field is strewn with dead and dying heroes—with the torn and mangled limbs of the bravest and the best—the swelling chest is soon composed, the heaving sigh soon over, and the busy, bustling world moves forward as if the surface of its affairs had never been disturbed, the ranks close up, and the great battle of life goes on just as if no soldier had ever fallen in the conflict. But when a man like President Garfield, eminent for his virtues and in conspicuous position, is cut off under such circumstances as have produced his death,—

when a President of the United States, in sight of the National Capitol, is suddenly shot down by the bullet of a dastardly assassin,—not the whole Nation merely, but the entire civilized world is shocked and almost paralyzed by the act. Such an offense rises above all common crimes as the mountain above the valley; the recording angel as he writes it down, will blot no part of the record with a single tear. The indignation it excites has become universal, and language is incompetent to express it. There is no portion of society that is not stirred by it, and the hum of business has ceased, while strong men as well as weak shed tears, and stand still to contemplate a deed of such unparalleled atrocity.

An event of this character cannot be forgotten,—we can no more erase it from our minds than we can dim the lustre of the sun. Our children will contemplate it when we are gone, and receive some portion of the shock which we feel. It will become historic, like the fall of Cæsar in the Senate-house of Rome. Garfield was assassinated because he refused to prostitute the Presidential office,—because he was unwilling to show executive favor to a degraded wretch who would have disgraced the Nation and brought the public service into disrepute. He suffered, therefore, in the cause of good government, and was martyred for his integrity. The blow was struck, not at him alone, but at our popular institutions. It was aimed at us all,—at every man, woman and child in the United States.

The personal history of James A. Garfield is both interesting and instructive. That he was endowed with high and extraordinary qualities is acknowledged by all familiar with him, and especially vouched for by those who knew him best. His whole character was constructed in imitation of the best models, and as it was the workmanship of his own hands, he showed himself to be a wise and consummate builder. His qualities were magnetic, and a bare introduction to him was sufficient to excite a desire for closer intimacy. There was nothing repelling about him, but everything that was attractive. His eye beamed with gentleness and sincerity, and the manly pressure of his hand sent a thrill of pleasure to the heart. There was no disguise, no duplicity, no deceit—nothing that betokened anything but the highest manhood. Of no man can it be more appropriately and truthfully said that he possessed those characteristics which enabled him to do, at all times, and under every condition, "all that may become a man." Although he learned much from education, intercourse with the world, and careful intellectual training, yet he was largely indebted to nature. He had a high order of natural genius and a temperament closely bordering upon the practical. But that which constituted the real foundation of his character—that upon which its

whole superstructure rested—was his moral courage, the courage to do right as his own conscience taught him what the right was.

This great quality of moral courage may be strengthened by thought, reflection, habit, and education, but it has its source in the natural tendencies of the mind. Like genius it is born with its possessor, and its influence moulds and shapes his character from the beginning. The school-boy shows it in his gambols upon the green, when he scorns to take advantage of the mishaps of his companions, to betray their confidence, or to build up his own reputation at their expense. It permeates the whole being of the man, and plants such principles in his mind that he shrinks from wrong as from a pestilence, and holds himself in continued readiness to give his life rather than inflict it. It makes him as "constant as the northern star" in his devotion to truth, honor, justice, and right. And if, by any mishap, he should lend his influence to the violation of either, he flings all false pride "to the dogs," extracts a sting where he has planted it, pours balm into a wound where he has made one, and vindicates his own manhood by such courage as mounts with the occasion and expels all cowardice from the conscience.

This kind of courage General Garfield possessed in a conspicuous degree. Its influence upon him was exhibited early in life. But for it he might have shrunk away from his more favored associates, retired to the humble paths of obscurity and poverty and left the faculties of his mind undeveloped, except in that degree necessary in some laborious pursuit. He, however, was not ashamed of his poverty and obscurity, and feeling within himself that he had strength enough to cast off their burdens, he went about his work with that cool and unshrinking courage which makes heroes, and which never failed him, either in private or public life,—not even during those long and weary hours which followed the infliction of the fatal wound, when, racked and agonized with pain, and unable to use his limbs, he resigned himself into the hands of God, and patiently took the one only chance out of a thousand for his life.

It did not take General Garfield long, at any time of life, to impress those who held intercourse with him, with high his qualities. There are those who worked by his side in the humble sphere of the laborer who still recount with pride and satisfaction incidents of their early association. Both at college and the unpretending school-house, he formed circles of friendship which have never been broken, and, to-day, there are many, amongst whose most pleasant recollections it is to know how he won upon their esteem by the exhibition of those grand qualities which early misfortune only served to develope, and which grew more and more brilliant at every step in his career. No man has left more of these early friends to attest his merits. They

will not forget him as he did not forget them. In the Presidential office—the highest and noblest position in the world—he was not ashamed of his humble beginning, or his early associations. He remembered, with just and becoming pride, how hard he had struggled,—the difficulties he had overcome, the tribulations through which he had passed,—and his heart went out with warm affection towards those who had stood by his side, encouraged him with their confidences, cheered him with their smiles, and stimulated the courage which enabled him to win his triumphs. It is something more than falls to the lot of ordinary mortals to be such a man as he was. No pride, no vanity, no undue love of self, clouded the brightness of his manly virtues, but they were so exhibited in their conspicuous beauty, that not only this entire nation but the whole civilized world—kings, princes, and peoples, of every rank and degree unite in the sincerest sorrow at his death,—and in just estimate of that combination of rare and noble qualities which distinguished his life from the beginning to the end:

"Where every God did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man."

It will not do to say that General Garfield was not ambitious. There are two kinds of ambition—good and bad. He who seeks office or place, especially under a popular government like ours, for the mere purpose of personal aggrandizement, and as the means of advancing his individual ends alone, has such ambition as has cursed the world during all those centuries of wrong and oppression when kings governed by "divine right," and despots regarded themselves as born "booted and spurred" to ride mankind. Such ambition as this measures the value of our institutions by the low and debasing standard of selfishness, and would place them at the mercy of men who, to gain their ends, would imitate Nero, when he amused himself by fiddling at the burning of Rome. He, however, who desires office or place that he may be enabled to promote the public good, advance the welfare of the country, and see that injustice and wrong are spurned and the right done, possesses that true ambition which is founded in patriotism, and which is as necessary to the prosperity of a government of the people, as the varying seasons of heat and cold, moisture and sunshine, are to the life and maturity of vegetation. This was the kind of ambition which Garfield had, and no other. His modesty forbade him to thrust himself forward into political life, and therefore the offices he filled sought him rather than he them. In all probability he would have been content to remain in the peaceful quiet of his own loved home, where all the domestic virtues were clustered in such conspicuous degree,—there to have stored his mind with the rich treasures of classical literature, of

which he was so fond, and to have held intercourse with the wise and good of every age. Here he could have given full verge and compass to all the sympathetic and benevolent feelings of his nature, and found ample indulgence of his passion after knowledge. But, although we can do much towards moulding our own destiny in life, yet no man can foresee what "a day may bring forth" in his own personal history, or what paths he may be required to tread. It was so with Garfield. The people who knew him well and who had observed his character in all the stages of its development, were quick to see the importance to themselves and the country of placing him in conspicuous public life, where his virtuous example would impress itself upon the public service, and where his great ability would adorn the character of American statesmanship. He was sent to the Congressional House of Representatives without desiring or asking for it. He was elected to the Senate of the United States without any effort on his part. His nomination for the Presidency was thrust upon him by circumstances which he did nothing to shape; and it surprised no one more than himself. When first proposed to him, he declined it, not in the manner in which history has represented Cæsar as putting aside the crown of Rome, but because he honestly and sincerely preferred another to himself. When, however, the act became almost spontaneous on the part of those to whom the duty had been confided, he accepted the position with what, at first, seemed almost timidity,—certainly with most becoming modesty and propriety. This is not a suitable occasion for speaking of the contest which followed, or of the passions temporarily engendered by it. but all will agree that he bore himself throughout with the utmost propriety and honor,—as one who felt secure in his own integrity, and full faith in the wisdom of the American people. His election placed him in the highest position known to our institutions, or any other—at the head of a constituency of fifty millions of the freest and most intelligent people upon earth—and it needed only the formality of an inauguration for him to know that among those who had opposed him, there were hundreds and thousands who recognized his fitness, and were ready to assist him in tying all the sections of the Union together with "hooks of steel," and removing from the pathway of the Nation every obstruction to its glory, honor and greatness. To this work he gave his life, and, although his term of service was cut short by an act of the foulest infamy, he has erected for himself, in the hearts of all the people, a monument which will outlive brass or marble.

I can not enter into any details about the civil or military life of General Garfield. Of the latter it is only sufficient to say that when the national sky was darkened with the cloud of war, and the stirring music of the drum and fife was heard, and the nation was startled by

the roar of artillery and the clash of arms, he, like you of the Grand Army of the Republic, exchanged the comforts of home for the hardships of the camp. Like you, also, he did not blanch where the leaden hail was thickest, but followed the old flag wheresoever it floated, confidently relying upon the God of battles for its final triumph.

I could not be excused for failing to refer to his wonderful powers as an orator. In this respect he had few equals. He had a faultless and commanding figure, and when he spoke bore himself with such grace and dignity of manner as to rivet the attention of every hearer. His clear and ringing voice had about it the true music of the grandest eloquence. He could scarcely be called impassioned, like Clay, Choate, Prentiss, Marshall, Menifee and Yancey; yet he combined much of the magnetic power of all these with the clearness of statement, felicity of expression, and strength of argument which distinguished Webster, Calhoun, Wright, Berrian, and Douglass. Not one of all these great men understood better and more accurately than he the force and meaning of language, or used it more aptly to express his meaning. He seemed to have the whole language at command and draw upon it at will. He had stored his mind so well by careful study and reflection that his resources were never exhausted. And no matter upon what subject he spoke,—whether political, religious, moral, literary or miscellaneous—he never failed to instruct his hearers by his wisdom and to entrance them by his eloquence. He was more of a statesman than a politician and, therefore, when he spoke about the honor and interest of the country, and its fame and standing among the nations, every sentence he uttered was filled with the grandest and most inspiring thoughts,—with "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." He was the acknowledged leader among his political associates, but left no sting in the minds of his political adversaries. All concurred in assigning to him an eminent position in the foremost rank of American statesmen.

It is hard for me to realize that he is dead. It seems but a few days since I parted from him, in full, vigorous and robust health. Possessed of a strong and muscular frame and a constitution unimpaired by excesses of any kind, he seemed to have the promise of a long and brilliant career before him. And I scarcely supposed that I, more than twenty years his senior, and who entered public life when he was only three years of age, should be called on to unite in memorial service in his honor. It overwhelms me with surprise and fills me with grief which I can not find language to express. How mysterious are the ways of God! He holds the waters of the mighty deep in the hollow of his hand. He rides upon the whirlwind and directs the storm. And when his Providences fall heavily upon us we must bow our heads in humiliation and submit to his chastisements.

James A. Garfield is dead. The shot of the assassin was fatal. For seventy-nine long days and nights he struggled against the impending doom with the courage of a hero. Sharp as were the pangs of pain which convulsed his limbs, torn and lacerated as his flesh was, no murmur escaped his lips. He bore it all, terrible as it was, with Christian resignation and fortitude, not uttering one word of reproach even against the infamous wretch that took his life. A death so quiet, so uncomplaining, so peaceful, none other than a sincere and honest-hearted Christian could have died. Shortly before he went to his final sleep, he looked out upon the sea and said to his fond and anxious wife, "*I feel better now; the ships have come back.*" The scene for the moment revived him. The great ocean was stretched out before him in all its grandeur. The ships were borne upon its bosom with their white sails spread out before the wind. Its waves beat gently upon the beach, and as its cool and bracing breezes fanned his fevered and sunken cheeks, he felt strengthened and invigorated by fresh hopes. He had all to live for that any man on earth could have—an aged and venerable mother who almost worshipped him and to whom he owed so much; a devoted and noble wife, who shared his own heroic qualities and virtues; tender children who required his gentle and affectionate training; friends who both advised and loved him; and a whole nation of people who were united in prayers to God for his recovery. But the fatal wound was too deep. The assassin had done his work too well. And at last, when millions of people were breathless with anxiety, his noble, and kind and generous heart ceased to throb. Then, at the last pulse-beat, as the ships were going out to sea again, the waves, still beating upon the beach, chanted a solemn and melancholy dirge, as the light of his life went out, and his spirit took its flight to God.

"'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die."

Death is not an eternal sleep. There must be, beyond the skies, "a house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens." The spirit can not be confined within the narrow compass of the grave. If it can be, what is this life for? So brief, so fleeting, so full of illusions. There must be a realm of bliss, where the immortal soul can dwell throughout eternity, and reward will be given for

"That best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love."

May we not, therefore hope, in the gloom of our sorrow at a good man's death, that what is our loss is his gain—that God has employed this solemn Providence to teach how frail is our being and how uncertain are all human affairs? Life is short at most—it is a mere

span long. It is like the storm which soon spends its force—leaving each one of us to cast his last anchor in the grave. It is a flower, which buds and blossoms for a season, but whose leaves are sure to wither. It is a dream whose entrancing fancies buoy us up a little while, but soon vanish away.

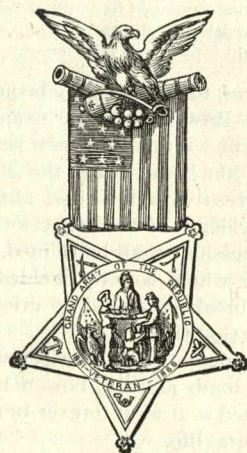
"Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flight of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood:
Even such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in, and paid to night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies;
The spring entombed in Autumn lies,
The dew dries up, the star is shot,
The flight is past—and man forgot."

We must not, however, forget a legacy bequeathed to us by our dead and still unburied President, in the example of his well-spent life. His heart never beat with more earnest passions than an intense love of country. From his home above the skies he will look back upon our national progress with the most anxious solicitude. And if it shall be in the Providence of God, that we shall all be chastened by his death, that our passions shall be calmed, our sectional animosities destroyed, and the whole country welded together in a unity which no power can break—then, while grieving at his death, we shall continue to thank God that he lived.

Peace to his earthly remains! May he sleep well. May the breezes blow gently above his tomb and the flowers be in perpetual bloom. And may his disembodied soul wear forever in the regions of eternal bliss a coronet of immortal life.

Rev. C. R. Henderson then offered prayer, followed by the singing of the doxology, with accompaniment by the Ring-gold band.

The exercises then closed with the beautiful ritualistic services of the G. A. R., after which the immense audience passed out, fully impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, the impressiveness of which will long be remembered by all present.



The Ex-Union Prisoners.

The Ex-Union Prisoners of the War of the late Rebellion met at the hall of Morton Post, Tuesday, September 20th, 1881, at two o'clock, P. M., to organize an association embracing the Eighth Congressional District, and after an explanation as to the objects of the association by E. A. Rosser, of Carbon, on motion the following officers were elected for one year :

C. A. Power, President ; E. A. Rosser, Vice President ; I. M. Brown, Secretary, and Wm. Greenleaf, Treasurer.

Committee to draft constitution, by-laws and rules of order, I. M. Brown, C. A. Power, Isaac Mitchell.

The officers of the Association were made an Executive Committee.

After appointing a committee to draft resolutions on the death of the President, the meeting adjourned until 8 o'clock P. M., at which time the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted :

WHEREAS, In the course of human events, our Chief Magistrate, James A. Garfield, has been stricken down by the hand of an assassin and taken from our midst, while just entering upon a duty to which he had been called by the popular voice of the American people, and in whom we all had an abiding faith that he would have administered the affairs of our government faithfully, honestly and satisfactorily to the people of the United States, and

WHEREAS, We regard the death of James A. Garfield as a National calamity, and yet we, as factors of our free and independent government, can but drop a tear of regret for the loss we have sustained, and a tear of sympathy for the family and relatives of the deceased, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we as Union ex-prisoners of the War of the Rebellion, demand an immediate trial by jury of the detested and cowardly

assassin, and that a public example be made of him that will teach all mankind that while we detest and abhor the cowardly assassin, we still reverence and respect the laws for our guidance and protection.

Resolved, That we, as comrades in war with our lamented President, deeply sympathize with his old mother, Mrs. Garfield, and her children and relatives. Further than this, we can only pledge one to the other, to cherish the name and memory of General James A. Garfield so long as life or memory may last.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the city papers, and that a copy be sent to Mrs. Garfield.

I. M. BROWN,
E. A. ROSSER,
L. G. ADAIR,
Committee on Resolutions.

A resolution was adopted thanking the members of Morton Post for the use of their hall.

Adjourned to meet at the call of the Executive Committee.

I. M. BROWN,
Secretary.

Indiana State Normal School.

President Brown, upon the occasion of the opening exercises of that institution, on Monday morning, the day of the death of President Garfield, prepared and read the following to the students assembled :

For seventy-seven long and weary days the beloved President of the Nation has been bravely struggling with death. Stricken down by the hand of a brutal assassin in the full strength and vigor of a glorious manhood, he has battled for life with a courage and heroism that have few parallels in history. The heart of the nation, yes, the heart of the world has been with him in the chamber of sickness and has sent up to the Fountain of Life a fervent and unceasing prayer that he may conquer in this desperate and unequal struggle.

Never before has one man filled so large a place in the hearts of all the people of every nation as does President Garfield.

This is not done because he is the ruler of a great nation. Nor is it because of his transcendent genius: though he possesses great powers of intellect. It is because of his modest, unobtrusive manliness. Nurtured in poverty, compelled from childhood to make his way against the opposing forces that always attend the poor, he rose, step by step to the completion of a college course of study. This was his first ambition. He wished to be well prepared to do his part in the world. The vocation he chose was that of a teacher. Fitted as he was to rise to the highest place in any profession he preferred that which seemed to him the most useful. As a teacher he was chiefly remarkable for the interest and enthusiasm which he was able to awaken in his pupils in their studies and for inspiration he gave to a useful life. When the continued existence of this nation was threatened, he obeyed what he considered the call of duty, to maintain his country's existence upon the field of battle. When called from the field to maintain the same cause in the council of the nation, he obeyed the summons. His modesty, his intelligence, his integrity and strong manliness of character, permeated by kind and generous feelings toward all, won for him universal esteem.

That he was called to the highest office was but the logical sequence of all that went before. He assumed the high office of President and in a few short months he gained the confidence of the people. The same sterling qualities of mind and heart that brought honor to him as a teacher, a soldier and a statesman, won the heart of the nation when he became its President. The assassin's bullet and the exhibitions of manly courage which have followed, have made him the idol of this people and have awakened the sympathy of the world. We fervently pray that his valuable life may be spared, and that he may live to cement the union of hearts and hands of all the people, which have been joined in bonds of sympathy and admiration around his bed of suffering.

Let us all join in the nation's prayer to God that he will save the life of our noble President.

O Lord of Life, before Thy throne,
Thy sorrowing children bend the knee,
They lift their fervent prayer to Thee,
For Thou canst save, and Thou alone.

In every clime, in every tongue
Wherein Thy children learn to pray,
Rise strong petitions day by day
From hearts with fear and sorrow wrung.

O Fount of Mercy, unrestrained,
Send forth Thy gracious healing power,
And grant that in this anxious hour
The bitter cup may pass undrained.

Wilt Thou not hear, and hearing grant.
The world's, the stricken nation's plea
That all our sorrowing prayers may be
Changed to a glad thanksgiving chant."

MONDAY, THE 26TH, AT THE NORMAL SCHOOL.

Before two o'clock the audience began to assemble in the lecture room in the third story of the Normal building, and against half-past two every available seat was occupied. The rostrum had been beautifully draped. In the center, back of the speakers, was a crayon portrait of the President, beneath it being the inscription, "We Mourn for Our Chief." To the

right and left of the rostrum were flags appropriately wreathed in crape.

At half-past two the meeting was called to order by President George P. Brown, after which the choir, composed of singers from the Normal and High schools, sang, "My days are gliding swiftly by."

Rev. C. R. Henderson read selections from the ninety-first Psalm, followed by prayer.

The choir sang "Nearer My God to Thee," and President Brown then introduced Prof. Joseph Carhart of the Normal faculty, who read with much feeling and expression, a poem by George Reinhart, written upon the death of Abraham Lincoln. It is given below in full.

Thoughtfully, watchfully,
Bend o'er the dead,
Close the eyes carefully,
Pillow the head.

Gentle ones, decently
Those pale hands fold,
Pulseless, so rigidly
Stiffened and cold.

Noiselessly, breathlessly,
Cover the breast,
Bear him then tenderly,
Home to the West.

Wistfully, anxiously,
Garland the brow,
Silently, solemnly,
Reverently bow.

Lovingly, tenderly,
Lay him to rest,
Sorrowing mournfully
Over the blest.

Twine for him lastingly
Chaplet and wreath,
Fame shall enduringly
Honor bequeath.

Guide us, O Providence,
Through this red sea;
By thine omnipotence
Lead us to Thee.

Placidly, soothingly,
Softened our grief.
Father, O patiently
Give us relief.

Sighing still heavily,
O'er the loved slain,
Weeping yet bitterly,
Groaning with pain.

Tremblingly, dirgefully,
Accents of woe
From our lips, wearily,
Ceaselessly flow.

Lord, for Thy merciful
Kindness and care,
Look we still trustingly
Upward in pray'r.

Leaning confidently,
Father, on Thee,
Plead we, deliver us
From out the red sea.

Noiselessly, breathlessly,
Cover the breast,
Bear him then tenderly
Home to the West.

President Brown then introduced Ex-Secretary Thompson, who spoke as follows :

COLONEL THOMPSON'S ADDRESS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

The solemn ceremonies in progress to-day throughout the United States, and especially those just transpiring in the city of Cleveland, are such as have never occurred in this country before. They are not merely those which the death of a President of the United States, during his term of office would ordinarily suggest, however distinguished he might be for his services and virtues. Two Presidents have died natural deaths and one has been assassinated, while in office, but in none of these instances has there been the same universality of grief, the same intensity of feeling, and the same extent of public ceremony as now. It may profit us to enquire why this is so.

General Harrison and General Taylor were both distinguished military men who rightly earned high reputations for sagacity and wisdom, and were entrusted with the conduct of public affairs because the country had confidence in them. The death of neither of them,

however, created any special commotion in the United States, because, as their successors were provided for by the Constitution, it was not regarded as in any sense a shock to the Government. Mr. Lincoln was more highly esteemed than either of them, and his assassination was keenly felt by a multitude of people and regretted by multitudes more. But it occurred at a time when we were all familiar with death, following immediately upon the close of a bloody war, during which hundreds and thousands of our best and most gallant men laid down their lives to save the life of the Nation. Besides, the war had excited violent passions which had not had time to cool, and under the influence of these many were restrained from expressing the regret they really felt, and which, under other circumstances, they would have openly avowed.

The death of General Garfield, however, is different. The country is in quiet. Sectional animosities, which the war produced have abated. Everything betokens peace and prosperity. And, in contrasting the United States with other nations—especially the strong nations of Europe—none of us can fail to see our unprecedented march towards greatness, and to realize how heavy is the weight of responsibility resting upon us to maintain our institutions and make them perpetual. The condition of things thus existing creates, throughout the whole country, a degree of sensitiveness with reference to the condition of public affairs, which, perhaps, never existed before, and out of this has grown the universal expression of grief at the death of General Garfield, from one end of the country to the other. It is a most commendable exhibition of sympathy, and shows how deeply the sentiment of patriotism exists in the minds of the American people, and that it will never fail to exhibit itself when there is any proper occasion for it. It may be accepted, too, as the ground of assurance that, in the future of our country, we may have a firm reliance upon the determination of the great body of our people to see that hereafter nothing shall occur to endanger the stability of the Government or weaken the bonds of the Union.

No man has ever occupied, since the earliest days of the Republic, a more favorable position than General Garfield, for bringing about this condition of affairs. His integrity is considered so undoubted, and his ability is so universally acknowledged, that about the question of his fitness for the Presidential office there is no ground or desire for debate. This sentiment is so great that not those only who supported him for the Presidency, but a large proportion of those who did not, united in the desire that he should have every possible opportunity given to his administration to make it a success. These latter, however, are not to be regarded as having desired this success in any party sense, but only in that sense which has reference to the general

prosperity, and to the efficiency and stability of the Government. It proves that whatsoever differences of opinion about measures of domestic policy, and whatsoever the degree of earnestness with which individual opinions are maintained, there is, at the bottom of all, a fixed determination that the Nation shall live, and not only live, but become the most powerful and influential in the world.

It was not this alone that made General Garfield influential. His qualities were such as to draw men to him by an insensible influence which it is difficult to explain, and of which, so far as I know, there has never been any scientific solution. If it is not mesmerism I do not know what it is, and, in the absence of a better, I am disposed to call it by that name. But, whatever it is, he possessed it in a wonderful degree, so that those who got close to him desired to get closer, and those who once came within the charmed influence, could with great difficulty break away from it. This did not arise from mere intellect, but from certain personal and individual qualities which were natural to him, and which education cannot confer. He had acute sensibilities and therefore strong attachments; and these generally, if not always, spring out of a temperament influenced and created by the affections. Where the affections are strong the nature is always ardent and generous and such was his.

Like all people of this character he was confiding, and perhaps somewhat credulous. Yet, at the same time, it was not easy to impose upon him. He had learned so much from his associations with the world, and from long and patient study of the best authors, ancient and modern, as to make him familiar with the springs of human conduct, and, therefore, a good judge of human nature. Out of these combinations there arose a character so admirably proportioned and so well balanced, that he always kept himself at the proper poise, and was never thrown off his guard. These characteristics were always exhibited, even in the briefest interviews, and, therefore, among the public men with whom he had associated for years—including many with whom he had fierce intellectual contests—there were none who did not readily concede to him the qualities I have indicated. The secret of his influence over men, then, may be inferred, although it is difficult to explain it.

To the effect of this influence is to be attributed much of the grief exhibited by all classes of society throughout the United States. The wound inflicted by the assassin, his severe sufferings, his wonderful patience, and his undaunted courage, converted respect into love to such a degree that it may be said, with propriety, that so much affection has not been exhibited towards any man in this country. It is wonderful. And as we contemplate it we cannot refrain from be-

lieving that human nature is not so bad as some cynical fault-finders represent it.

General Garfield had his patience, as well as his courage, put to a severe test during the brief period of his administration. This country is afflicted with a double curse, in the thirst after office and the pride of office. The first becomes so intense as to create the second, which induces a man, once in office, to think that the government will almost stop, or, certainly, be greatly injured when he goes out. The desire for office is not peculiar to any party, but prevails in all parties. In so far as it has a party aspect it is fair to say that those in power, with the approbation of the people, may well enough employ their political friends to carry out political principles. But in that other sense, beyond this where administrative and ministerial duties alone are concerned, it becomes demoralizing and prejudicial to the public interest, when carried to the extent of substituting an inferior officer, upon party grounds alone, for a superior one. General Garfield had applications of this kind far too numerous to be computed. From the beginning of his administration, immense crowds of people pressed themselves into the White House and the departments of the government, demanding office as a reward for party services. He could not escape them. Morning, noon and night they beset him with a perseverance which did not tire. If he had not possessed a strong and vigorous frame, and great powers of endurance, he would undoubtedly, have been overcome. As it was, I have seen him when he had the appearance of being completely worn out. Nevertheless, he bore up under it with the same kind of courage which he has so frequently exhibited.

Among this class of importunate office-hunters was the assassin who took the President's life. The idea that he is a lunatic is a mere pretence—an afterthought. He, undoubtedly, labors under a sort of a delusion or hallucination, but this consists merely in the fact that he regards himself as qualified for any official position under the government. He is not the only lunatic of that sort in the country. They constitute quite a large army, and have acquired the designation of chronic office-hunters. They infest the city of Washington in swarms something like the locusts of Egypt, and in pursuit of their occupation, are the most industrious class of people in the world, taking good care, however, not to apply their industry to the acquisition of an honest support. They look over the list of officers, as published in the "Blue Book," and pick out such as have good salaries attached, and then bend all their energies to obtain them. So soon as they agree upon such places as have sufficient salaries, they insist upon their special and peculiar qualifications to discharge the duties, and with this argument continually in their mouths, they beset every-

body who is supposed to have any influence, from the President down.

The man who shot the President belonged to this class, and probably was an average representative of it. He made repeated efforts to convince the President of his qualifications and fitness, but Garfield had too much sense and penetration to be deceived and misled by such an adventurer. If he had appointed him to any office, other than that of a common laborer, he would have been guilty of an act of flagrant impropriety. Consequently, like an honest man he refused; and for this alone he was assassinated. The malice of the assassin was not of that personal nature which desires the infliction of injury to revenge an insult. It was against the President as an officer of the government, for refusing to betray the trust the people had confided to him, by the appointment to office of a bad and incompetent man. He is a martyr, therefore, to duty and has been made to suffer weeks of terrible pain and, at last, death. Rather than do an official act which would have prejudiced the public service and brought discredit upon the administration, he has paid the forfeit of his life.

As he was in life, therefore, the representative of the best type of American manhood and statesmanship, he has now become, in his death, the representative of the principle of good government. Consequently all the demonstrations of grief and sorrow now seen throughout the country, and among all classes and conditions of people, are not alone testimonials of respect for his high personal qualities, but complimentary to his stern integrity, in refusing to confide public trusts to a man without merit, and without a single good and redeeming quality.

A man's character is made up by repeated acts, each of which may be inconsiderable in itself, but the whole aggregate into a result showing in what esteem he is held, whether good or bad. And it is generally what it ought to be, for the public judgment is not often misled with reference to the estimate it places upon character. In the case of General Garfield it certainly was not, for as the estimate of his character was not formed upon sudden impulse, but upon observation of his whole life, it was fixed at a high standard and he came fully up to it. And this accounts, in some measure, for the fact that the sorrow at his death extends beyond the limits of the United States and is felt by people, many of whom know nothing whatever of our institutions or our public men who conduct them. They merely know that the assassination of a President, during his official term, has occurred, and that he possessed such characteristics and qualities as to excite regret for his loss in the minds of all the people of the United States, without regard to previous party distinctions. And, because of this, they are swift to declare that they esteem his death

to be a loss not to us alone, but to the world. Therefore, it is in the highest degree gratifying—it is something more, it is flattering—to us to know, what never occurred before, that the Queen of England has caused the bier of our dead hero to be decorated with beautiful flowers in her name, and that the public buildings and private houses in London are draped in mourning to signify to the world that the American people are not alone in their grief, but that the whole English speaking race is in full sympathy with them. To my mind, there is something exceedingly beautiful and grand in this, and whether it be considered in the sense of personal compliment to General Garfield or as evidence of the respect in which our Government is held, it goes directly to all our hearts and will leave a lasting impression upon them. It may bear fruit hereafter by opening before the minds of European people the great fact that this is the only government in the world where equality of citizenship is fully recognized and where the highest officer in the government may be taken from the humblest and obscurest walks of life. And it may be, in the course of time, when this great thought shall permeate the great body of the people there, that there are those now living who shall see the last link in the chain of monarchical government broken, and free popular institutions universally prevailing. In view of such a possibility it is well that General Garfield was of humble origin; that he had more than the ordinary difficulties to encounter in early life; that he had the courage and manhood to overcome them; and that his character was, accordingly, formed in such a mould that like a beautiful architectural structure, it presented to the world, as near as may be, a representative of perfect statesmanship.

In this view of his influence upon the world, this is a fit place to say that amongst all our public men, not one has illustrated more than he the character of our popular institutions. He inherited poverty to such an extent as made his early years laborious to a degree which seemed to cloud them over with doubt and difficulty—possibly with a degree of gloom which tested his manhood from the very beginning. But the qualities to which I have alluded were so deeply ingrained into his nature that every man with whom he came in contact, even in the most obscure pursuits, realized that he could be trusted, because of the possession of integrity too well planted to be ever lost and too solid to be shaken. What a beautiful and instructive lesson does the example of his life thus present, not merely for admiration of us all, but for the profit and imitation of the young! He has proved by his personal history that, in this country, there is no position so honorable, and no place so high that it may not be reached by the most obscure citizen—that the popular heart beats in sympathy with all who struggle against misfortune with a courage

which overcomes it—and that American society is ready to confide its best and dearest interests to whomsoever shall prove worthy to become their custodian. No matter if we call this the instinct of the people, or by some other name, it is a distinguishing American characteristic, and whenever it shall be lost, our institutions will be threatened with annihilation. There need be no fear, however, that it will be lost, for apart from the fact that the sentiment is deeply seated, the ceremonies now transpiring in memory of General Garfield's public and private virtues, have given it fresh impulse. The chastisement with which Providence has deemed it wise to afflict us, will cause it to grow and increase, as the sunshine and shower cause vegetation to advance. Misfortunes, however they may try us, are not always hurtful. They carry with them sometimes a sting which inflicts a bleeding wound, but out of them there often springs a philosophy whose teachings lead us where the truth is, and thus they chasten our thoughts, invigorate our virtues, stimulate our courage, and develop such qualities of manhood as we did not know ourselves to possess. The misfortune of the President's death is a sad one, when viewed in any of its aspects, but it may be instrumental in bringing before the public mind a more thorough knowledge of his virtues than would otherwise have been so emphatically recognized as they now are. It may bring the example of his life more conspicuously forward and stimulate many who otherwise would scarcely have observed it, to put forth energies now dormant in order to imitate his example and serve the country as well and faithfully as he has done. If there shall be in the secret design of Providence a purpose like this, the time may come when we shall all see that afflictions are not without benefit, and that "the Lord loveth whom he chasteneth."

It seems hard that a man possessing so many of the elements of a good and useful character as General Garfield did, should be cut off so suddenly and by means so nefarious. None of us can fathom the mystery of such a death, any more than we can tell by what wonderful process of nature it is that we are born and that we die. It is not given unto us to know these things. Our whole lives are circumscribed within narrow spheres, crowded into a brief compass, and made to depend upon a thousand unknown contingencies which surround us like unseen atoms in the atmosphere. And, therefore, while it is our duty to fit ourselves with the utmost of our ability for the duties which society requires of us, as General Garfield did, it is no less our duty to be prepared to die, as he was. The grave is a mere resting place for the body, where it lies down to repose after the vexations and troubles of life are over. It does not confine the soul, which yearns after immortality and the companionship of angels. The

soul does not die. The "sting of death" cannot pierce it. The clods which fall upon the coffin-lid do not startle it. What then is death?

"Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valient never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear:
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come."

Nevertheless, however strong and well-grounded our christian convictions or philosophy may be, the death of General Garfield is an event which fills our hearts with sadness which we cannot shake off. His assassination was cruel beyond measure. Mr. Lincoln was shot down at the close of the war, when the public mind was boiling and bubbling over with passion—heated like the volcano—and by an incensed fanatic who imagined himself another Brutus and charged, as the representative of several millions of people, with what he considered the duty of avenging their wrongs, as he and they regarded them. Enormous as was his crime it sinks into insignificance by comparison with that committed by the abandoned wretch who fired the fatal shot which cut off Garfield, in the very pride and fulness of his magnificent manhood. With the stealthy tread of a wild beast he stole upon his victim unawares, and without any warning to put him on his self-defence, took his life as only one could do who felt within himself that he was a cowardly assassin, who would shrink from the gaze of an honest man as the whipped spaniel crouches at the feet of his master. Sympathy for such a wretch would be taken as a degree of charity which angels do not feel. In all history there is no such crime—none of such wide extended consequences. And as the future historian of this country shall record it, he must assign to it a place by itself, in the catalogue of enormities, where it shall appear with all the repulsiveness of the most flagrant and revolting vice. There will be no bright light shining upon the page where the story is told—nothing but the blackness of impenetrable darkness. Men will shrink from the contemplation of it as they would from the companionship of a spectre from the infernal regions, and from the throat of every honest man there will come forth words of the deepest and most withering execration.

How is it that such a deed was done in sight of the National Capital, and in open daylight? Was there nothing in the surroundings of the man—in his high office, his great and ennobling virtues, his proud and glorious record, to ward off such a blow? There is none but a fiend who would not have seen that venerable mother who nursed him in infancy, who implanted the principles of integrity in his young mind, who watched him as he threw off the load of poverty

and misfortune, and rose up to the highest position in the world, and who now sits in all the agony of grief, with her heart almost breaking; or that noble and courageous wife upon whose bosom he has so long rested, who has so often awakened in his heart those generous and ennobling affections, which only a devoted wife can kindle, and whose cheeks are now wet with burning tears; or those young children who needed his care, counsel and advice, and who now feel that the staff upon which they rested was broken. Why did not all these come up before his mind, to sink his coward heart within him, palsy his arm and cause him to send the accursed ball to his own brain? Again, I repeat that the mysteries of Providence are inscrutable, and we must submit to them in humiliation although our hearts may bleed.

While the life of Garfield was grand in all its proportions, his death was no less so. How patiently and uncomplainingly he endured the intensest suffering. With what noble courage he lay upon his back for more than two months, while sharp pains shot through every fibre of his frame! And with what resignation he met his melancholy fate! He hoped because he was brave, but his heroism could not put aside the fatal shaft. The slow poison crept insiduously through his veins, blocking up the passway to his heart, until at last, worn and wasted to a skeleton, he went to sleep in the repose of death. Up almost to the last moment he retained his faculties. As he looked out upon the grand old ocean, and heard the moaning of its waves, and listened to familiar voices around him, and felt the gentle pressure from the hand of a loved wife, and heard the sobbings of a dear daughter who rested her palpitating head upon his shoulder, he went to his final rest, and died as only a good man can die.

He is now beyond the reach of further vengeance. The bullet of the assassin cannot reach him now. He has gone home to God, where there is no turmoil, nor strife, but all is beauty, and love, and peace. His immortal spirit has soared into the clear and beautiful calm of eternal rest. May we all profit by the sad calamity. May we realize that in a few days more, within the cycle of a season so brief that we can span it, the insatiable messenger will demand us also. The sand is running, steadily and rapidly, through our own hour glasses, and our own days are nearly gone.

“They end
When scarce begun;
And ere we apprehend
That we begin to live, our life is done:
Man, count thy days, and if they fly too fast
For thy dull thoughts to count, count every day thy last.”

At the conclusion of the above address, President Brown

introduced Barnabas C. Hobbs, Ex-Superintendent of Public Instruction, who spoke as follows:

ADDRESS BY B. C. HOBBS, L. L. D.

A little more than three years ago from my window in the Hotel de Europe, in St. Petersburg, I might have looked out, at about six o'clock in the morning after my arrival, and seen the assassination of General Messentoff, in a Park near by. Just across the Park stands the Palais Michel, the residence of Baroness Rahden, from which the late Emperor was returning to his Winter Palace, when the fatal bomb was thrown at his feet.

I had pictured to me a short time before the contrast between Russia and the United States as regards the protection of life, where the sovereign holds the lives of all his subjects at his disposal, and yet his own life and those of his nobles were in the most imminent danger.

As I passed down Unter den Linden from the Palace of the Emperor of Germany, in Berlin, the spot was shown me where the volley was received by him who reigns over many conquered provinces, from a window above, where the assassin awaited his arrival.

Again I drew the contrast, congratulating myself in having a country where States are united by patriotic fraternity and mutual regard, and are by common consent and laws of their own making cemented into one united whole, free from the jealousies, rivalries and dangers of conquered provinces.

I had not been impressed so well then as now by the fact that while Nihilism and Communism are conspiring against the lives of the rulers of the Old World, we have an element in our own land, of discontent and danger, which threatens our future, in the greed for office and the disappointment and discontent our people show when the desire is not gratified.

My young friends, let the warning have its proper influence in the present and future of your lives. Let your purpose be, like that of him whose memory we cherish, to prepare for the work of life well. Men will find out our worth as they did his. Be ready to obey the call rather than to seek a place you are not prepared to fill. The world seeks ability to perform and will open the way for him who proves himself worthy.

The occasion for which we meet has inspired all lovers of country and humanity to come together in citizens' meetings, and speak out the feelings and language of their hearts and minds in the thought of him, who was so recently the center of our Nation's expectation, but now is doomed to sleep the sleep of death. It is well for us to weep

together. The whole nation will be a better nation because of this chastisement. The Lord knows how to make the wickedness of men to praise him. In this national bereavement religious denominations have been brought nearer together than ever before. Their prayers have gone up together to the throne of God as never before. Blessings must come to us all as the fruit of such an overturning of the Divine Hand.

It is well for teachers, students and friends to meet and feel as we do to-day. President Garfield's soul went out in all the channels of good to man. Let us then return to him the tokens of our love for his memory.

He was the typical American. He commenced where childhood and youth are not made effeminate by luxury. Necessity and want were his incentives to exertion. Millions have been brought into life under like circumstances but have remained there. His soul possessed a latent desire for excellence and worth which secured his success.

The American people are moved as perhaps a nation was never moved before at the tokens he has left of love for mother, wife, children.

When he took the oath of office and stepped from the platform to his mother and kissed her, some smiled, but a nation instinctively saw from what inspirations his noble manhood had risen to what they found in him; and to-day that kiss has in it a lesson that the youth of our country would do well to learn.

Garfield had early in life a great love of truth. Truth, purity and love dwell together. He possessed that nice and true sense of honor that ennobles life and sweetens his memories. His was the true Nobility that is not inherited by titles, but is a quality that comes of sound culture and correct principles. His love of true Friendship marked his college life. Students in classes under him remember his kind offices and encouragement. He possessed a true and ardent love of learning, and while teaching was his chosen profession, his love of country and his obedience to the call of his countrymen drew him from the college to the forum. In every step, he held his position, because his life work had prepared him to fill it.

Most of all, when we look at the man, the grand secret of his success in life will be found in his love of God. He seems to have adopted the Decalogue as the constitution of his life and character. Coming up as he did through the common school, academy, college, and in all as a Bible student, and at length a Bible teacher, we are able to discover what precepts, doctrines, proverbs and oracles were the companions of his thoughts and the guide that enabled him to escape from the many temptations that lie in the path of youth and

manhood. The history of the assassin is but the history of a fiend in human form. Such satanic men gratify their disappointment for place, favor and office by fiendish revenge. The Parent, Teacher and State have a work to do in the education of our youth that they may, by culture of mind and conscience live on a plane of life above the lower and meaner instincts of our nature.

How often our daily news tells the story of romantic youth, inspired by the tragical narratives of pirates, assassins, brigands and robbers, of love tales ending in the death of the paramour, who arm themselves with concealed weapons, and wishing, and too often sadly finding, an occasion to gratify their morbid desire for tragedy. How much our literature is poisoning our youth! There is work for Parents and Teachers, for State and Nation.

When James Abram Garfield was called to the executive mansion by the votes of our nation, North and South, East and West seemed to feel that we had found a man that would draw together as never before the discordant elements in our nation, and bind our people together by the chords of fraternity and patriotic love. It may be the pleasure of him who hides his counsels from men, to make his death more powerful to that end than his life. Let us then, in resignation to His will, adopt the memorable and eloquent sentiment offered by James A. Garfield on the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, to the men and women who wept in the streets of our National Capitol:

"Clouds and darkness are around about him! His pavillion is dark waters and thick clouds of the skies. Judgment and justice are the establishment of his throne! Mercy and truth shall go before his face! Fellow citizens, God reigns and the Government at Washington still lives!"

Temperance Union Memorial Services.

The hall was modestly and tastefully draped in mourning. The temperance unions of the city held a memorial service at the Ohio street hall, Sunday evening, the 25th. The house was well filled, and sorrow and sadness pervaded the assembly.

President J. E. Martin announced that at a previous meeting it had been arranged to hold a memorial service this evening to contribute among the thousands of others, some token of respect to our beloved deceased President, and that a committee, consisting of Rev. L. Palmer and George Wells, had been appointed to prepare suitable resolutions.

After appropriate singing by the Choir, the President read ten verses of the fourteenth chapter of Job.

Solemn prayer was offered by Mr. Palmer.

The committee on resolutions then reported the following preamble and resolutions:

WHEREAS, The President of the United States, James A. Garfield, was shot by the low, mean, fiendish, malicious, treacherous Guiteau, and from the effects of which, after days and weeks of intense suffering, has terminated in death; therefore,

Resolved, That we as a Temperance Union would express our abhorrence of the great crime committed not only against our Chief Magistrate, but against the nation of which our Chief Magistrate is the head.

Resolved, That we commend the example of James A. Garfield to our young men as worthy of imitation, who, by industry, frugality, temperance and perseverance, raised himself to the highest position in the land, as a man and an honored ruler.

Resolved, That we will cherish the memory of the honored dead, for it is a rare thing for so many virtues and excellencies to be united in one man. For in a prominent degree our fallen chief possessed a brilliant intellect, well cultured; he was a brave soldier, a model statesman, a loving husband and father, a steadfast friend, and a humble Christian.

Resolved, That as James A. Garfield was a total abstinence man in principle and practice, we most earnestly commend his example to all—especially to our young men—as a safe, profitable and commendable one to follow.

Resolved, That we sympathize with his aged mother and his suffering widow and fatherless children in their great sorrow.

Dr. J. D. Mitchell moved the adoption of the resolutions, and proceeded to make the following remarks:

A truly great and good man has fallen, and that by the hands of an assassin. It is not alone because Gen. Garfield was President of the United States that a whole nation and the civilized world is in mourning. It is because he was truly a good and great man in all the word comprehends. Had he been a man of corrupt principles and habits the funeral ceremonies would be a mere form. He is to us the representative of all that is good as a christian, as a citizen, as a soldier, as a statesman, as a President, and last, but not least, as a son, husband and father. It is because of his purity of heart and character that high and low, rich and poor, alike unite in these tender tributes of respect to his memory. Others more able than myself have testified and will hereafter testify to his qualities as a soldier, statesman and President. I desire to testify to his temperance principles, a matter which directly interests us as an organization in the cause of humanity, and which, so far as I know, has not been referred to at any of the memorial services.

President Garfield was a man of principles. With him to conceive a principle, was to act upon it. He conceived and conscientiously realized the enormity of the evils of intemperance, and therefore was a man of temperate habits. He abstained from the use of spirituous liquors as a beverage, for his own good and as an example to others. He labored for the cause of temperance in his own town, and abhorred drunkenness and the liquor traffic. He made temperance speeches and organized temperance societies.

It is a matter of fact in printed history that the citizens of his own town consulted him in reference to the demoralizing effects of a beer brewery then in operation in his village, and that he, together with other citizens purchased the brewery for \$3,000, and converted it into a vinegar factory.

And in Congress, when there was a debate on the revenue, Mr. Pendleton opposed very fiercely the revenue on whisky, complaining of the large tax Hamilton County paid for revenue. Mr. Garfield replied that if the people of Hamilton county drank no more whisky than his (Garfield's) constituents, they would not be compelled to pay much tax.

During his late sickness, after the severe attack of vomiting had passed off, Dr. Bliss remarked to him that the withdrawal of a certain medicine had caused the vomiting to cease, the President said: "Doctor, you have quit giving me spirits, and that has stopped my sickness."

The sympathy and love, and tender, affectionate and patient watchings of his mother, children and companion, and intimate friends, is an illustration of what would occur under similar circumstances in every Christian family. We all feel that we are members of General Garfield's family, and in some sense Presidents of the nation, by reason of his fatherhood over the nation, and our sovereignty in placing him in this exalted position. The assassin's bullet was fired at us, and killed the head of the nation.

We would willingly leave the assassin Guiteau where the people have consigned him, a guilty, friendless murderer. But the lessons taught in the assassination of the President would not be complete to us as a people without an analysis of the causes of this criminal act. He never visited a city but he passed himself off as a lawyer, preacher, Sunday School worker, or a Young Men's Christian Association laborer. He never left a place but he gave the lie to all these pretensions. In numerous instances he has been followed into drinking houses, but he in most cases hid this from those with whom he was most intimately acquainted, and but few had a knowledge of his intemperate habits. He was a habitual user of intoxicating liquors. His mind, in all probability, was in that condition known to medical men as alcoholic mental disease, or dipsomania. Just that condition that would lead him to assassinate a person who would refuse him a favor. President Garfield justly refused to give him an office as unworthy of the trust, and this condition of mind, fired anew with alcoholic liquors, nerved him to commit the murderous deed. Thousands of just such men are running at large all over our land, and thousands of murders are committed all over our land under similar circumstances. No man is safe. President Garfield took his chances for life with all the balance of us. A condition of insubordination and lawlessness exists from one end of the land to the other.

Who is responsible for this condition? May we not ask who killed President Garfield and the thousands who have fallen in like manner? The conscience of the nation is not awakened to the enormity of the evils of intemperance. Our government is receiving an annual revenue of \$74,000,000 on the manufacture of spirituous liquors and over \$4,000,000 for the privilege of retailing the same; or the privilege of making murderers and criminals.

Whilst we are paying our last tribute of respect to the memory of our beloved President, may the lesson taught us from the sad event

purify the hearts of the people to arise and purge the nation from these evils.

George Wells seconded the motion, and offered the following original poem:

Oh, can it be, our Nation's pride,
The gallant chieftain of the age,
Is now a heap of lifeless clay;
The victim of a coward's rage.

Oh, can it be, we shall not hear
Those full rich tones again,
Within our Nation's halls,
A leader of his fellow men.

Well we remember, years ago,
When rebels sought our Nation's life,
His clarion notes filled up the ranks
With those who joined him in the strife.

A soldier true, from rank to rank,
He won rich laurels on the field;
No truer, stronger arm was there
To bid base rampant traitors yield.

That stalwart form whose magic tread
Bespoke the power great nations feel,
Is stricken by a dastard's hand,
In anguish now all nations kneel.

Dark was the day, accursed the hand,
That sought a life so pure and bright,
The withering curse of every land
Will stamp the wretch through endless night.

Oh what a glorious life to live,—
For step by step from early birth
He won all honors nations give—
No greater could be won on earth.

Each honor won was magic power,
With humble Christian grace combined,
Adorned the man each passing hour,
Grandly blending heart and mind;

And while the crumbling ashes sleep,
Earth's teeming millions join the prayer:
God help the stricken ones who weep
And mourn to see the empty chair.

And while we as a Nation mourn,
Remember what our chieftain said:
Though great men die we live to know
Our glorious Nation is not dead.

Though dead, his glorious life will be
A guiding star so pure and bright;
A guide for millions yet unborn,
In paths of rectitude and right.

REMARKS OF REV. LYMAN PALMER.

MR. PRESIDENT: I am happy to hear the statements of Dr. Mitchell, concerning the temperance principles and practice of the distinguished man that we mourn for at this time. Let us contemplate the scene of the youthful home of James A. Garfield. There are very few boys left as he was to the care and guidance of a mother only, who would have done as well as he.

How few persons reflect on the fact that Mr. Garfield was more indebted for his versatility and massiveness of character to his Christian mother than any other source. Is it not equally creditable to both mother and son that in his manhood, and when the highest honors the world can confer on any man were won, he did not feel too much elevated to acknowledge his indebtedness to the mother who bore and nurtured him and instilled in his mind the sturdy principles of integrity and fear of God which made him the man he was.

The religious character of James A. Garfield deserves especial mention. It is honorable to all the speakers who have spoken on the character of the late President that they have made prominent his religious character. Senator Voorhees speaks of his faith being as simple as a child's, and he was also a follower of the Nazarene. Thus all, whether they themselves are very religious or not, heartily commend the piety of the man they love to honor.

It is well worthy of record that when Mr. Garfield was in Chicago in attendance as a delegate to the Chicago convention, on the Lord's day he was not found, with other politicians, scheming for his own preferment to office, but was found worshipping with the little Christian Church among his own fraternity on Indiana avenue. In all the qualities which make a great man he was the peer of any man in the nation. For a solid education, refined culture, as scholar, general and statesman, he was unrivalled. Yet every quality, as a man had fresh lustre added to it by the radiance of his simple earnest piety. This element of his character has called forth so many earnest prayers for his restoration to health. As it has also created a regard and love for him which brings forth spontaneous sorrow from the hearts of fifty millions of people.

This nation has lost good men before and sincerely mourned over their loss, but it is safe to say that never in the history of our nation or of the world were so many hearts bowed in deep grief as over the death of our martyred President, James A. Garfield.

ADDRESS OF HON. WM. EGGLESTON,

AT TEMPERANCE HALL, SEPT. 26, 1881.

MR. PRESIDENT:

I deem this a fit occasion to speak a few words in regard to the life, character and death of the late chief magistrate of this Nation, James A. Garfield.

He was born November 19, 1831, near Cleveland, Ohio, and died at Long Branch, New Jersey, September 19, 1881. His father died in 1833, leaving his family, consisting of his widow and four small children, James being the youngest, in meager circumstances, almost entirely dependent upon the exertions of the mother. Thus at the tender, helpless age of two years he was left an orphan boy, in the then uncultivated region of the great northwest, surrounded by poverty and want. His early boyhood days were spent on a farm with his mother. And it was here that the seeds of thought and the principles of virtue were sown by his Christian mother in his mind and heart, that in after years developed and shone out so brilliantly.

James A. Garfield, like almost every other great man, took his first lessons from the unwritten laws of Nature. As he grew in years and wandered through the forests surrounded by unlimited space, covered only by the blue vault of heaven, the rustling of the passing breeze, the murmuring of the brooks, and the songs of the wild birds rose up in harmony with the diapason of his soul and inspired him with faith and hope. Thus animated, he as it were, by intuition, lifted the dark curtain that hangs over the future, and saw, with prophetic eye, the day star of hope arising in magnificent splendor before him.

With his native talent encouraged and urged forward by his mother, he began to prepare himself for the race of life. By chopping cord-wood, driving on the canal and other labor, and by strict economy, he in a few years succeeded in saving sufficient money to enable him to attend Georgia Academy, in an adjoining county. He remained at that school for several years. But on arriving at the age of manhood he resolved to obtain a collegiate education. That resolution made a scholar, a Congressman, Brigadier General, a Senator elect, and last a President of him.

Pursuant to his resolution, in 1854 he, in his humble garb, entered Williams College. At that school he labored under many embarrassments, growing out of his want of money. But with that courage that only characterizes the true man, he surmounted them all and came off more than conqueror.

After graduating he left that college and entered upon the active

duties of life. His task was now comparatively an easy one, for he had, by diligent study, established a basis upon which to erect the superstructure of his future greatness. In 1859 he was elected by the people of his County to the State Senate. In 1860 he became an influential, active politician. In 1861 he was appointed by the Governor Colonel of an Ohio regiment. In 1862 he was appointed a Brigadier General in the Union Army. In 1863 he was nominated and elected to Congress, and re-elected in 1864, 1866, 1868, 1870, 1872, 1874 and 1878, and while in Congress he was recognized as a leader. In 1880 the Legislature of his native State elected him United States Senator. In that year, without any exertion on his part, he was nominated by the Chicago convention for President of the United States, and in November following he was elected by the people to that office.

Thus I have traced the history of this poor boy from his humble forest home through poverty and want until he reached the acme of human ambition, and sits down in the Presidential chair. Thus we see an orphan boy, upon this continent, which is untainted by aristocratic influence and feudal laws, by the force of his intellect, arising from the shades of obscurity to the highest position within the gift of the people. But while holding that place of trust and honor, respected and loved by the people of every civilized nation of the world, he was suddenly stricken down by the hand of a brutal, drunken assassin, and now he, who but a few days ago, was the active President of this, the greatest Nation of earth, lies cold in death in Cleveland, Ohio.

James A. Garfield was a man who possessed, in the highest degree, all those noble qualities of mind and heart that have always been held in esteem by the wisest and purest of earth. Born of humble parentage he was acquainted with the trials and difficulties of life, and was calculated to sooth the aching head, to bind up the broken heart, and to infuse life and energy into the bosom of the downcast and sad, and his hand was always stretched out to the poor and needy. He preached and practiced the doctrine of the humble Nazarene, "that whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

In his political career he arose like a splendid luminary, dispelling darkness and confusion and imparting light and knowledge to those around him. And by his burning words of eloquence he kindled anew the fire of liberty in the hearts of the American people that will continue to shine from age to age and to spread from continent, until its influence cover the whole earth.

He was a dutiful son, a kind husband and an affectionate father. He was a scholar, a statesman and a patriot, a true friend and kind

neighbor. But his earthly house of clay having been wrecked and destroyed by the assassin's bullet, so as to be unfit for the habitation of his noble soul, he removed to that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. And as he crossed the Jordan of death and knocked at the gates of the New Jerusalem, they swung back on their hinges and he entered the city of rest. Thus has passed away from earth one of the noblest and purest of our race. From him life's cares, life's toils and life's sorrows have all fled away and he is gone to the great world of the future. But his name, his deeds, his virtues are written in letters of living light upon the walls of memory, that never can be effaced. He is now gathering with his friends at "the river, the beautiful, the beautiful river, that flows by the throne of God."

But his aged mother, his bereaved wife and little children are smitten with sorrow and borne down with grief. The dark cloud of sadness and affliction hangs over the domestic hearthstone, and the wales of the afflicted ones have touched the tender chords of sympathy in the hearts of the people throughout the civilized world. And the guardian hand of Him that heareth young ravens when they cry, will be stretched out to shield them from harm.

Our President is dead, but the government established by our fathers and nourished by the life blood of three hundred thousand patriots spilt on the fields of battle in the war of 1861, still lives and shines forth as the beacon light of the civilized nations of earth.

REMARKS OF PRESIDENT MARTIN.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I am sorry that we must now close this meeting, for there are a number of persons present that I have no doubt would like to speak a few words in reference to the life and character of our late chief magistrate, but time will not permit. I am pleased with the solemnity that has characterized our meeting, and I trust that what has been said in regard to the life of our beloved martyred President and hero may fall like seeds sown in good ground, on the hearts of the young men of our city. The last time I saw President Garfield was at the battle of Chickamauga, where he covered himself with glory. He will ever be held in grateful memory by the brave boys who survived that bloody battle. But he is gone, he has fought his last fight and has won the crown. The hearts of our people are draped in mourning. The badges of mourning are seen hanging all over the land. His virtues and deeds will be imitated by children yet unborn. May God bless our land and Nation is my prayer.

The resolutions were adopted unanimously.

B. HOLMES, Secretary.

J. E. MARTIN, President.

Union Services at Baptist Church.

MONDAY EVENING, September 26, 1881.

The services were introduced with an anthem by the choir, W. D. Ewing leader, "Trust in the Lord."

W. W. Byers, Principal of the High School, had been invited to preside. He said:

Our dead President has been laid to rest. All we can say is, "Peace to his ashes." We have met here this evening in accordance with the proclamation of President Arthur, appointing this a day of fasting and prayer. Prayers are for the living, not for the dead. I am glad that our new President, in the very beginning of his administration, has seen fit to recognize the Christian element in the country, that he has seen fit in this public manner to show his faith in prayer, to acknowledge the sovereignty of the Christian's God,—the God of his illustrious and lamented predecessor. Let us all, with one heart, pray to-night that he may be guided by the wisdom of God in the discharge of the duties of the high office which, in the providence of God, he has been called to fill. Let us pray for ourselves and for all this people that we may be humble, that we may be patient, that we may be ready always to say, Thy will be done.

Prof. Joseph Carhart, of the Normal School, read the following Scripture:

Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble.

He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.

What man is he that liveth, and shall not see death? Shall he deliver his soul from the grave?

* * Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.

Your fathers, where are they? And the prophets, do they live forever?

When a few years are come, then I shall go the way whence I shall not return,

For I know that thou wilt bring me to death, and to the house appointed for all living.

There is no man that hath power over the spirit to retain the spirit; neither hath he power in the day of death: and there is no

discharge in that war; neither shall wickedness deliver those that are given to it.

As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God, who gave it.

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

* * I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand in the latter day upon the earth.

* * This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

* * When this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

For we know that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign forever and ever.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

* * Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Rev. S. M. Stimson, D. D., led in prayer.

The choir led in the singing of the hymn, "Savior, like a Shepherd Lead Us."

Rev. W. R. Mikels, of the Centenary M. E. Church, made a few well timed and appropriate remarks.

The choir chanted "Thy Will be Done."

Rev. Thomas Parry, Pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church, spoke as follows :

My mind is like a ball of yarn wound with bits. The lines of thought are so many that I cannot select. Herder cried, while upon his death bed, "Give me great thoughts." Upon this occasion great thoughts come in platoons, regiments and grand divisions, and it takes a master mind to marshal them orderly.

There is a thrilling voice passing through all recent events calling upon us to be still and trustful. That dove* brings us a message of peace. It came in the days of Noah with a promise in its beak. It came at the inauguration of the kingdom of our Lord, and it has been the emblem of gentleness and peace ever since.

We have been so suspended, so tossed between joy and sorrow, hope and fear, that the words of God are very appropriate, "Stand still, and know that I am God ;" and again, "Stand still, O Job, and consider the wonderful works of God." We can see a majestic form walking upon the stormy sea, whose voice is heard above the rushing winds ; it says, "Peace, be still." We are like Israel beside the Red Sea, a mountain on either side, the enemy coming after, and before us is the sea, but in the very moment of trouble Moses lifted up his voice, crying : "Stand still, and behold the salvation of the Lord." This is to be our attitude to-day, to be cheerful and courageous.

Why all of this mourning ? Why have our homes been draped in blackness ? Why do we wear these sombre colors ? If he whom we mourn were here, if he could speak to us from above, he would say : "Put on the emblems of rejoicing, be clothed in white, entwine the pillars of your temples with cheerfulness ; write to your friends upon golden envelopes ; I am here in the realms of joy ; I am here where sorrow, disappointment, and death can not come ; I am here in a city whose bulwarks are salvation ; in a city where there is no night ; in the paradise of God where holy men and angels commune. Do not mourn, but rejoice."

During the past weeks we have been humbled, and by humility are made teachable. And you, my Christian friends, have learned something about prayer. We have been praying like pettish children, expressing only our desires. We did not so much as confess our sins. We did not become holy in our thoughts and habits. Are we purer to-day ? Have we put off some of our sins ? This is a part of prayer. And is it not something for us to think about our extreme ignorance in prayer, our fears, our utter inability to plan how things should be. How different are the Nation's feelings from what we expected they would be. All of these thoughts lead us to put confidence in God.

*One of the pulpit decorations.

One of the most cheerful things of the day is the tribute that all nations have paid to a good man. It is his goodness of character that has won this, not magnetism, not any such animal property, if such there is, not anything that comes to him by nature as a mere thing. But it is personal goodness. Mr. Garfield was a man that you were to know before you appreciated him. He did not draw men by impulses. It was worth, it was character.

This is a day of humility and of asking the divine favor upon our country. We are thankful that we have a President such as Mr. Arthur, who opens his ministry with such a proclamation as that which calls us together. Let's bring to him all our encouragement and heart's affection. And just at this time there is a grand opportunity given us to show our gratitude for divine favor if we would heed it. If he whom we mourn was here, he would say to us, "Let us show our humility, our gratitude, our sincere feelings by remembering the sufferers of Michigan. This would be the greatest tribute to his memory. But again I say, let us stand fast in our trust in God, in our confidence in good men. Let us have bright faces and courageous hearts, and all will be well.

Singing by the choir, "My Faith looks up to Thee."

Rev. C. R. Henderson, Pastor of the Baptist Church, made the following remarks :

We have come to the close of all the solemn services in which the feelings of the American people have found expression. Soon the badges of grief will disappear, the signs of mourning be taken down, and all men will return to their ordinary work. But we shall never be the same people. Deeply have the lessons of this noble life been planted in the hearts of a mourning Nation.

Because Mr. Garfield was our admired ideal of manhood and of statesmanship, we utter and love to hear his praises. We follow the steps of his marvelous career, and see in that course the development of powers and aspirations which we feel dimly in ourselves. Even in the ruin of our hopes we see arguments for immortality, and build on shattered fragments of ambitions the expectation of a better world, where heroic desires may be realized in deed and character. In the man who has lived among us, we admire the great physical perfection, which was due in so large a measure to the victory of reason and pure conscience over lower tendencies. We rejoice in the symmetrical development of intellectual powers, in the varied accomplishments of a mind imbued with the love of truth. He loved truth, he sought truth, he performed truth.

As we have seen the growth of this noble tree, we have been led to inquire from what roots it sprang. Here is one who, at the beginning

of his career, learned, perhaps from his mother most of all, that lesson which the fallen statesman discovered at the close:

"Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than gentle honesty.

Be just and fear not:

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's: Then if thou fall'st,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr."

Now the future lies before us. At the death of Lincoln, Mr. Garfield said: "For mere vengeance I would do nothing; this Nation is too great to look for mere vengeance. But for security, I would do everything." It would not be profitable for us to let our thought dwell on the miserable and wicked slayer of the Nation's friend. It is a blessing that the minds of men have been held so long and intensely to contemplate, not an unworthy, but an uplifting ideal. Let us leave the murderer to the penalty of law, and suffer him to pass into the shame of oblivion as unfit for thought.

But as we do this, let us provide something for protection. Let us still agitate for that reform in the system of appointing the officers in our civil service which was so eloquently advocated by our honored leader. Let us demand a method of appointment upon examination, which will remove the hungry army of professional office seekers from Washington. Let not the interest in this fearful catastrophe die out until the reform is secured which all intelligent citizens now desire, except that class of politicians who fancy that their interests are dependent on public corruption.

This Nation sees to-day what is the power of great ideas. Atheism, Nihilism, the coarser forms of Communism, may exist among us and hereafter raise their hissing voices out of the miasmatic swamps of doubt. Many base things exist and will long endure, but behold how to-day they are forgotten, and slink away into the dark! Who will whisper doubt when all men are saying tenderly and reverently, "There is a God; he reigns; there is a life beyond this; there is a way to eternal life by faith, which is the highest act of reason apprehending the incomprehensible?" By the moaning, far resounding ocean, on the anniversary of one of his great victories, our President and our friend dies.

"And the stately ships go on

To their haven under the hill;

But O, for the touch of a vanished hand,

And the sound of a voice that is still!"

He has consecrated for us the ideas of Home and Heaven. Through all the world we may wander, and see the mountains of Switzerland, the galleries of Vatican and Louvre. We may hear the orators of the

old world, and garner thoughts from famous men, but we can find no place in which to enjoy our treasures like the home. The words mother, wife, and home suggest inevitably the word Heaven. There he rejoices. There he knows. There he sees more fully the grandeur and depth of his now historic saying, "God reigns."

After singing "Nearer My God to Thee," the Benediction was pronounced by Rev. W. R. Mikels.

Royal Templars of Temperance.

Terre Haute Council No. 2, Royal Templars of Temperance, held a short memorial service.

J. W. Haley, J. D. Mitchell, George Wells and C. C. Fidler having been appointed a committee for the purpose, reported the following resolutions :

Resolved, That we express our abhorrence of the assassination of President Garfield as a sin and crime of the deepest dye, as tending to the subversion of the government of a free people.

Resolved, That as an organization, we do in sorrow and sadness, desire to pay some small tribute of respect to the memory of our fallen chief, as a representative man of a free people—a man of integrity, pure morals, temperate habits, of christian integrity, a statesman, a brave soldier, an honest and faithful President, and worthy the imitation of all mankind.

Resolved, That as a token of respect to his memory, this Council drape its altar and charter in mourning for thirty days.

PETER W. GRUB, S. C.

E. LOCKWOOD, Secretary.

Memorial Services at St. Stephen's Church

Monday, September 26,

A. D. 1881.

REV. FRANCIS S. DUNHAM, RECTOR.

OPENING HYMN :

I would not live alway ; I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way.
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough of life woes, full enough of its cheer.

I would not life alway, thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without, and corruption within ;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

I would not live alway ; no, welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom ;
There sweet be my rest till He bid me arise,
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

SENTENCES.

"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the LORD : he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live ; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

"I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God ; whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another."

"We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The LORD gave, and the LORD hath taken away ; blessed be the name of the LORD."

The following anthem followed :

"Lord, let me know my end, and the number of my days ; that I may be certified how long I have to live.

Behold, Thou hast made my days as it were a span long ; and mine age is even as nothing in respect of Thee, and verily every man living is altogether vanity.

For man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain ; he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them.

And now, Lord, what is my hope ; truly my hope is even in Thee.

Deliver me from all mine offences ; and make me not a rebuke unto the foolish.

When thou with rebukes doth chasten man for sin, Thou makest his beauty to consume away, like as it were a moth fretting a garment ; every man therefore is but vanity.

Hear my prayer, O Lord, and with Thine ears, consider my calling : hold not Thy peace at my tears.

For I am a stranger with Thee ; and a sojourner, as all my fathers were.

O spare me a little, that I may recover my strength ; before I go hence and be no more seen.

Lord Thou hast been our refuge, from one generation to another.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made ; Thou art God from everlasting and world without end.

Thou turnest man to destruction ; again Thou sayest, come again ye children of men.

For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday ; seeing that is past as a watch in the night.

As soon as Thou scatterest them they are even as a sleep ; and fade away suddenly like the grass.

In the morning it is green, and groweth up ; but in the evening it is cut down, dried up and withered.

For we consume away in Thy displeasure ; and are afraid at Thy wrathful indignation.

Thou hast set our misdeeds before Thee ; and our secret sins in the light of Thy countenance.

For when Thou art angry, all our days are gone ; we bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told.

The days of our age are three score years and ten ; and though men be so strong that they come to four score years ; yet is their strength then but labor and sorrow ; so soon passeth it away, and we are gone.

So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.

AMEN !

THE LESSON.

The lesson was from the XX Chapter of the Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians, beginning at the 20th verse, commencing :

"Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept," &c.

"LEAD KINDLY LIGHT,"—HYMN (512 Hymnal).

"Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on ;

The night is dark, and I am far from home,

Lead Thou me on.

Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see

The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

"It was not even thus, nor pray'd that Thou

Shouldst lead me on ;

I loved to choose and see my path ; but now

Lead Thou me on.

I loved the garish day ; and, spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will ; remember not past years.

So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still

Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, or crag and torrent, till

The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel faces smile,

Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

THE LITANY, THE LONGER AND MINOR, AND SPECIAL COLLECTS :

O God the Father of Heaven ; have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

O God the Father of Heaven ; have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

O God the Son, Redeemer of the world ; have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

O God the Son, Redeemer of the world ; have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

O God the Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Father and the Son ; have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

O God the Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Father and the Son ; have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

O holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, three Persons and one God ; have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

O holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, three Persons and one God ; have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

Remember not, Lord, our offences, nor the offences of our forefathers ; neither take thou vengeance of our sins : spare us, good Lord, spare thy people, whom thou hast redeemed with thy most precious blood, and be not angry with us for ever.

Spare us, good Lord.

From all evil and mischief ; from sin ; from the crafts and assaults of the devil ; from thy wrath and everlasting damnation,

Good Lord, deliver us.

From all blindness of heart ; from pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisy from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness,

Good Lord, deliver us.

From all inordinate and sinful affections ; and from all the deceits of the world, the flesh and the devil,

Good Lord, deliver us.

From lightning and tempest ; from plague, pestilence, and famine ; from battle and murder, and from sudden death,

Good Lord, deliver us.

From all sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion ; from all false doctrine, heresy, and schism ; from hardness of heart, and contempt of thy Word and Commandment,

Good Lord, deliver us.

By the mystery of thy holy Incarnation ; by thy holy Nativity and Circumcision ; by thy Baptism, Fasting, and Temptation,

Good Lord, deliver us.

By thine Agony and Bloody Sweat ; by thy Cross and Passion ; by thy precious Death and Burial ; by thy glorious Resurrection and Ascension ; and by the coming of the Holy Ghost,

Good Lord, deliver us.

In all time of our tribulation ; in all time of our prosperity ; in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment,

Good Lord, deliver us.

We sinners do beseech thee to hear us, O Lord God ; and that it may please thee to rule and govern thy holy Church universal in the right way ;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to bless and preserve all Christian Rulers and Magistrates, giving them grace to execute justice, and to maintain truth ;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to illuminate all Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, with true knowledge and understanding of thy Word ; and that both by their preaching and living they may set it forth, and show it accordingly ;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to bless and keep all thy people ;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to give to all nations unity, peace, and concord ;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to give us an heart to love and fear thee, and diligently to live after thy commandments ;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to give to all thy people increase of grace to hear meekly thy Word, and to receive it with pure affection, and to bring forth the fruits of the Spirit ;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to bring into the way of truth all such as have erred, and are deceived ;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to strengthen such as do stand ; and to comfort and help the weak-hearted ; and to raise up those who fall ; and finally to beat down Satan under our feet ;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to succour, help, and comfort, all who are in danger, necessity, and tribulation ;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to preserve all who travel by land or by water, all women in the perils of child-birth, all sick persons, and young children ; and to show thy pity upon all prisoners and captives ;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to defend, and provide for, the fatherless children, and widows, and all who are desolate and oppressed ;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to have mercy upon all men ;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to forgive our enemies, persecutors, and slanderers, and to turn their hearts ;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to give and preserve to our use the kindly fruits of the earth, so that in due time we may enjoy them ;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to give us true repentance ; to forgive us all our sins, negligences, and ignorances ; and to endue us with the grace of thy Holy Spirit to amend our lives according to thy holy Word ;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

Son of God, we beseech thee to hear us.

Son of God, we beseech thee to hear us.

O Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world ;

Grant us thy peace.

O Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world ;

Have mercy upon us.

O Christ, hear us.

O Christ, hear us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ, have mercy upon us.
Christ have mercy upon us.
Lord, have mercy upon us.
Lord, have mercy upon us.

[Then shall the Minister. and the People with him, say the Lord's Prayer.]

Our Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name. Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil. Amen.

Minister. O Lord, deal not with us according to our sins.

Answer. Neither reward us according to our iniquities.

Let us pray.

O God, merciful Father, who despisest not the sighing of a contrite heart, nor the desire of such as are sorrowful; Mercifully assist our prayers which we make before thee in all our troubles and adversities, whensoever they oppress us; and graciously hear us, that those evils which the craft and subtilty of the devil or man worketh against us, may, by thy good providence, be brought to nought; that we thy servants, being hurt by no persecutions, may evermore give thanks unto thee in thy holy Church; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

O Lord, arise, help us, and deliver us for thy Name's sake.

O God, we have heard with our ears, and our fathers have declared unto us, the noble works that thou didst in their days, and in the old time before them.

O Lord, arise, help us, and deliver us for thine honour.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;

Answer. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

From our enemies defend us, O Christ.

Graciously look upon our afflictions.

With pity behold the sorrows of our hearts.

Mercifully forgive the sins of thy people.

Favourably with mercy hear our prayers.

O Son of David, have mercy upon us.

Both now and ever vouchsafe to hear us, O Christ.

Graciously hear us, O Christ; graciously hear us, O Lord Christ.

Minister. O Lord, let thy mercy be showed upon us;

Answer. As we do put our trust in thee.

Let us pray.

We humbly beseech thee, O Father, mercifully to look upon our infirmities; and, for the glory of thy Name, turn from us all those evils that we most justly have deserved; and grant, that in all our troubles

we may put our whole trust and confidence in thy mercy, and evermore serve thee in holiness and pureness of living to thy honour and glory; through our only Mediator and Advocate, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

O Merciful God and Heavenly Father, Who hast taught us in Thy holy word that Thou dost not willingly grieve or afflict the children of men, look with pity, we beseech Thee, upon the sorrows of Thy servants, the family of the late President of these United States.

In Thy wisdom Thou hast seen fit to visit them with trouble, and to bring distress upon them. Remember them, O Lord, in mercy; sanctify Thy fatherly correction to them; endue their souls with patience under their affliction, and with resignation to Thy blessed will; comfort them with a sense of Thy goodness; lift up Thy countenance upon them, and give them peace; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

Almighty God, whose kingdom is everlasting and power infinite, have mercy upon this land and all that dwell therein, and so rule the hearts of Thy servants, the President of the United States, and all others in authority over us, that they, remembering whose ministers they are, may above all things seek Thy honor and glory; and that we duly considering whose authority they bear, may honor and obey them in Thee and for Thee, according to Thy blessed word and ordinance, through Jesus Christ, our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. Amen.

O God, Whose days are without end, and Whose mercies cannot be numbered, make us, we beseech Thee, deeply sensible of the shortness and uncertainty of human life; and let Thy Holy Spirit lead us through this vale of misery, in holiness and righteousness, all the days of our lives; that when we have served Thee in our generation, we may be gathered unto our fathers, having the testimony of a good conscience, in the communion of the catholic church; in the confidence of a certain faith; in the comfort of a reasonable, religious and holy hope; in favor with Thee, our God, and in perfect charity with the world. All of which we ask through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. Amen.

ANTHEM:

“Flee as a bird to yon mountain,” &c.

The Choir was composed of the following ladies and gentlemen:

Mr. Geo. C. Duy, Leader and Tenor.
Mr. Harry Graham, Base.
Miss Flora Keller, Soprano.
Miss Anna Hyde, Contralto.
Prof. Wilhelm Zobel, Organist.

ADDRESS: REV. FRANCIS S. DUNHAM.

TEXT—The powers that be are ordained of God.—Rom. XIII: 1st verse.

“Touch not mine annointed.”—Psalm CV: 15th verse.

The verse in its entirety from which my first quotation is taken reads as follows: “Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God.”

I wish to show you, first of all, my friends that the authority with which and by which a ruler governs, is derived from God only. In this country the people elect their Chief Magistrate; they designate the persons by whom power is to be exercised. Therefore St. Peter calls the magistrate a *ktisis anthropine*, or, “creation of man.” But the people, which is in this country, the medium of conveying power to a particular person, as in the election of a President or Governor, is not the source of the power so conveyed, any more than a pipe, through which a stream flows, is the origin of the water which flows through it. And therefore, when St. Peter has said, “submit yourselves to the magistrate,” he adds the reason for submission, namely, “for the Lord’s sake.”

Again the People elect members of the Legislature, but the members of the Legislature do not derive their power from, but through those who elect them, and they who have elected them, cannot revoke what has not been given from, but through, themselves, and comes from the Constitution, or rather, as St. Paul teaches, from the one only source of power, namely, Almighty God. The truth is simply this, in a word, that when a chief ruler is elected by the people, be he called President, King, or anything else, they, the people, only designate the person who is to govern; but he derives the authority, by which he governs, from God alone. For there is no power but of God—“the powers that be are ordained of God.” In saying that all authority is from God, as its only source, we must be on our guard against supposing that God can be the cause of any of its abuses. Nero’s authority, so far as it was exercised not unlawfully, was from God; but all his abuses of it were from himself. Yet

God uses well even all human abuses. For example, he made Nero’s sword, wielded by Nero’s rage, to be an instrument for sending St. Peter and St. Paul to heaven, and for watering His church by the martyr’s blood.

One word further: these words of St. Paul, “Let every one submit to the authorities that are over him,” was a precept made most remarkable by the time in which, and the persons by whom, it was written. Few of the Roman Emperors died a natural death; and the Jews seem to have taken a leading part in the public tumults. And this tumultuous spirit of the resistance and rebellion against the heathen power of Rome, as an outrage against their theocracy, and a profane usurpation of the prerogatives of God, was eminently manifest at this time. The strong language, therefore, of St. Paul, under these circumstances, on the duty of obedience and loyalty to civil rulers, attest to his fearlessness in proclaiming the teachings of the Holy Spirit.

In the old Testament we read that God in an especial manner, appointed the individual who was to govern, and he accordingly governed by divine right. In after times, and at the present day, God does this same thing by a general superintending Providence, that which before He did by especial designation. In all nations of the earth, there is what may be called a constitution. Of course this constitution is more or less calculated to promote the interests of the community. The civil governor, whether he be elected or hereditary, agrees to govern according to that constitution. Thus we may consider that there is a compact and consent between the governor and the governed, and in such a case the ruler may be considered as coming to the supreme authority in the direct way of God’s Providence; and as civil government is of God, who is the fountain of law, order, and regularity, the civil governor who administers the laws of a state, according to the constitution, is the minister of God.

This truth is especially recognized and powerfully taught by this Church, into whose sacred fold we, in the merciful Providence of God, have been called. Her order for Morning and Evening Prayer contains a “Prayer for the President of the United States, and all in civil authority.” Again we offer the petition contained in the Litany, that it would please God “to bless and preserve all Christian rulers and magistrates, giving them grace to execute justice, and to maintain truth.” Thus twice every day, and three times, on three of the days of the week, does the church call upon God to bless those in authority. Also, one of the XXXIX “Articles of Religion,” emphatically teaches the Divine authority of the powers that be. We conclude, therefore, that both the teachings of God’s infallible word, and the constant witness of the Church, His body, declare that those in

authority over us rule by divine right, that they are to be considered and revered as chosen and ruling by the divine will, that they are the anointed ministers of God. How exalted their position; how tremendous their authority; how great the allegiance they demand! Well, therefore, does the Psalmist exclaim, speaking by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, "Touch not mine anointed." A peculiar, yea sacred unction is bestowed upon them. They are the Lord's anointed.

The Old Testament gives us many instances of the sanctity with which God taught His people to consider their rulers. Most notably there is the case of King Saul. He really committed, in effect, suicide; commanding his "armour bearer" to draw his sword and thrust him through. And yet David ordered that this man, although he had acted under the direct command of King Saul, should be put to death. "And David said unto the young man that told him, Whence art thou? And he answered, I am the son of a stranger, an Amalekite. And David said unto him, How wast thou not afraid to stretch forth thine hand to destroy the Lord's anointed? And David called one of the young men, and said, Go near and fall upon him. And he smote him that he died."

Long centuries stretch their weary length between the times of Israel's unfortunate and vascillating King and our own days. Saul was the ruler of but a handful of people; scattered over a few miles of territory compared to the mighty millions that inhabit our vast domain. Saul was a feeble and cruel King, the man whom we to-day seek to honor, was great in all the high and magnificent qualities which ennoble and exalt humanity. Saul commanded another to take his life. In the noon-tide effulgence of the intelligence, the culture, the refinement of this, the nineteenth century of the Christian era, our chief magistrate is foully murdered by a calculating assassin.

The many glowing eulogies and eloquent summaries of the character and distinguished attainments of our late President, which you have heard and read, I will not attempt to supplement. And yet I would call your attention to two most important elements in his character: the one, His example as a Christian; the other, to what I think was the leading motive of his life, and which brought him renown and crowned his endeavours with the most deserved success. President Garfield, like most men of distinction, must early have settled upon some one grand object of pursuit. And this object did not glimmer in his sight, as if half-merged at the distant horizon: but it rose up before him in commanding attitude, as the lofty pyramids of Egypt loom to the view of the curious traveler, to guide him over the extended plains.

We are told that Demosthenes and Cicero, when they were small

boys at school, were fired with the spirit of ambition, and fixed upon the prize which they actually won. Alexander in his childhood, grieved at every conquest of his father, because he thought that every such victory would detract from his own glory in conquering the world. So early had he settled his plan of future operation, that Cæsar, before he was seventeen, was consecrated priest to Jupiter, and even then resolved to reap the brightest laurels on the field of Mars. Pope, at the age of twelve, fixed upon his course of study, and determined that poetical merit should be the summit of his wishes. At the early period of sixteen, he began his career for the highest meed in the hand of the Muses. He, of whom we speak, amid the hardships and toil of his humble home, must have been inspired with the highest, the noblest resolves, the most splendid sentiments. A burning thirst for knowledge, conquered every obstacle, and placed him high in the rank of the learned and accomplished of our land. A most laudable ambition to serve his country in council and the field, brought him, by the grace of God, to the position of Chief Magistrate of these United States: the anointed head of fifty millions of free people. And he owned, and recognized, and felt that it was by the will of God that he was there, and in the fear of the ALMIGHTY, he executed the high functions of his office. This is he whose untimely death by a sacriligious hand, we with the nations of the whole earth, mourn to-day.

Again, one word in regard to our dead President, as a Christian: It has been said that he talked little of his Christian belief in his long and painful suffering, and that at the last he made no emphatic professions of the hope that was in him. Long has it been my belief, my brethren, and as time goes on experience confirms my opinion, that to live a Christian is the chief object of our lives, in other words, it is the life and not the dying hours which stamp their impress and witness for Christianity. An eloquent and saintly divine of our Mother Church has said: "A Christian conqueror dies calmly. Brave men in battle do not boast that they are not afraid. Courage is so natural to them that they are not conscious they are doing anything out of the common way; bravery is a deep, calm thing, unconscious of itself." There are more triumphant deathbeds than we count; if we only remember this—true fearlessness makes no parade. Oh, it is not only in those passionate effusions in which the ancient martyrs spoke sometimes of panting for the crushing of their limbs by the lions of the amphitheatre, or of holding out their arms to embrace the flames that were to curl around them—it is not then only that Christ has stood by His servants, and made them more than conquerors: there may be something of earthly excitement in all that. Every day his servants are dying modestly and peacefully—not a word of victory

on their lips; but Christ's deep triumph in their hearts—watching the slow progress of their own decay, and yet so far emancipated from personal anxiety that they are still able to think and to plan for others, not knowing that they are doing any great thing. They die, and the world hears nothing of them; and yet theirs was the completest victory. They came to the battlefield—the field to which they had been looking forward all their lives, and the enemy was not to be found. There was “no foe to fight with.”

My friends, I know of no more appropriate words to conclude my remarks this morning than those of Webster commemorating the lives and services of Adams and Jefferson: “It is not my voice, it is this cessation of ordinary pursuits, this arresting of all attention, these solemn ceremonies, which speaks his eulogy. His fame, indeed, is safe. That is now treasured up, beyond the reach of accident. Although no sculptured marble should rise to his memory, nor engraved stone bear record of his deeds, yet will his remembrance be as lasting as the land he honored. Marble columns may, indeed, moulder into dust, time may erase all impress from the crumbling stone, but his fame remains.”

“Patriots have toiled, and in their country's cause
Bled nobly, and their deeds, as they deserve,
Receive proud recompense. We give in charge
Their names to the sweet lyre. The historic muse,
Proud of her treasure, marches with it down
To latest times, and sculpture in her turn
Gives bond, in stone and ever-during brass,
To guard them and immortalize her trust.”

REQUIEM—THE MISERERE—341 Psalm.

Have mercy upon me, O God, after thy great goodness; according to the multitude of thy mercies do away mine offences.

2 Wash me thoroughly from my wickedness, and cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I acknowledge my faults, and my sin is ever before me.

4 Against thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight; that thou mightest be justified in thy saying, and clear when thou art judged.

5 Behold, I was shapen in wickedness, and in sin hath my mother conceived me.

6 But lo, thou requirest truth in the inward parts, and shalt make me to understand wisdom secretly.

7 Thou shalt purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; thou shalt wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 Thou shalt make me hear of joy and gladness, that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

9 Turn thy face from my sins, and put out all my misdeeds.

10 Make me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.

11 Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy holy Spirit from me.

12 O give me the comfort of thy help again, and stablish me with thy free Spirit.

13 Then shall I teach thy ways unto the wicked, and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

14 Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou that art the God, of my health; and my tongue shall sing of thy righteousness.

15 Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord, and my mouth shall show thy praise.

16 For thou desirest no sacrifice, else would I give it thee; but thou delightest not in burnt-offerings.

17 The sacrifice of God is a troubled spirit; a broken and contrite heart, O God, shalt thou not despise.

CONCLUDING PRAYERS.

Almighty God, with whom do live the spirit of those who depart hence in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity: We give thee hearty thanks for the good examples of all those thy servants, who, having finished their course in faith, do now rest from their labors. And we beseech thee, that we, with all those who are departed in the true faith of thy holy Name, may have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in thy eternal and everlasting glory; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

O Merciful God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the resurrection and the life; in whom whosoever believeth, shall live, though he die; and whosoever liveth, and believeth in him, shall not die eternally; who also hath taught us, by his holy Apostle Saint Paul, not to be sorry, as men without hope, for those who sleep in him; We humbly beseech thee, O Father, to raise us from the death of sin unto the life of righteousness; that, when we shall depart this life, we may rest in him; and that, at the general Resurrection in the last day, we may be found acceptable in thy sight; and receive that blessing, which thy well beloved Son shall then pronounce to all who love and fear thee, saying, Come, ye blessed children of my Father, receive the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world. Grant this, we beseech thee, O merciful Father, through Jesus Christ, our Mediator and Redeemer. Amen.

DE PROFUNDIS.

"Out of the deep have I called unto Thee, O Lord! Lord! hear my voice.

"2. O, let Thine ears consider well the voice of my complaint.

"3. If Thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss, O, Lord, who may abide it?

"4. For there is mercy with Thee; therefore shalt Thou be feared.

"5. I look for the Lord; my soul doth wait for Him; in His word is my trust.

"6. My soul fleeth unto the Lord before the morning watch; I say before the morning watch.

"7. O, Israel, trust in the Lord, for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him a plenteous redemption.

"8. And he shall redeem Israel from all his sins."

BENEDICTION.

Evangelical Lutheran Church.

In memory of our lamented President, J. A. Garfield, mourning services were held at 10 A. M., September 26th, at the German Evangelical Lutheran Church, corner Swan and Fourth streets, Terre Haute, Indiana.

Appropriate hymns were sung and prayers said. A sermon was delivered by the minister, Rev. H. Katt, of which the following is a synopsis and translation:

"Behold, I will do nothing in Israel, at which both the ears of every one that heareth it shall tingle." Thus the Lord announced the downfall of the house of Eli to young Samuel, an event which soon after happened in a most dreadful manner.

Of these words we might be reminded by the occurrence assembling us here to-day. A thing has been done at which both the ears of every one that heareth it shall tingle. A crime has been perpetrated of which the American people must needs be ashamed forever; an outrage which is a new contribution to the long list of unnatural, revolting atrocities we must hear from so often. Yea, our hearts trembled, and our Nation mourned, and every Christian was moved by anxiety and sorrow when the sad news was told us that the father of our country, the chosen of the American people, our noble, dear and beloved President, had fallen a martyr by the hands of a base spirited rascal. Not anticipating anything bad, full of good will to everybody, joyfully expecting soon to meet and embrace his dear wife, who, after a dangerous sickness, had been restored and given to him anew, hoping to find the long desired recreation in the midst of his family, and thus to be relieved of the cares and burdens of his office, at least to some degree and for some time, Garfield was treacherously struck by the murderous weapon of Guiteau.

This man, whom the President had done no harm whatever, the very existence of whom was to him perhaps a thing unknown, had traced his victim for weeks, and mercilessly kills an innocent man. What prompted the murderer to perpetrate such a crime? Revenge?

Disappointed ambition and lucre? The desire to gain the fame of an Herostratus? Who knows?

An abyss is opened to us and an insight given into the depravity of the human heart; the terrible power of sin revealed, by which the devil rules those not resisting his temptation in the strength and power of God. We see the common ideas about the nature of man and the heart of man, as if both be good, once more subverted, and the heavenly truth again and again established that the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth. We perceive the influence of a superhuman, hellish power of darkness on earth against the doings of which human admonitions, institutions, laws and punishment are often powerless.

Still at this, as at every other occasion, let us inquire from the word of truth what God, by such occurrences, and about them, would teach us.

It is indeed now an easy thing to cry woe unto the murderer, and indulge in the most curious threats. Of what benefit are such bravados to mankind in general? Besides, it ill becomes us, as the spirit of God is not a spirit of revenge. Are there any among us who never experienced the agitation of passion and hatred? Who protected you from sin and shame, into which your hatred might have brought you? Has it not been the mercy of God alone? Well, then, be tempered in your denunciations even about so bad a person. For the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God. Mine is revenge, says the Lord. And truly the Lord's revenge has found the miscreant. Like Cain, he is without rest and peace, and when justice shall take his body and life, may God, for Christ's sake, have mercy on his soul.

Alarming is the spirit of murder that stealthily moves on earth, sparing neither sex nor age nor dignity. There is hardly a European monarch which has not been murderously assaulted, not even the venerable gray and aged Emperor of Germany, nor the youthful Queen of Italy excepted. We have thought our rulers comparatively secure on account of our liberal institutions. Yes, this would be the case if human laws could change the nature of man; but as only the spirit of God can change and convert man, we may not be astonished about what we experience. And if, as has been done in Germany, the fear of God, piety and religion is wantonly destroyed, also in this country, by infidels and sceptics, as has been commenced, then the future of our Nation is very dark.

"Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." I cannot pass this occasion without referring to the false humanity now prevailing in this country contrary to the word of God. It has worked unspeakable misery already, and it will do so in future. To exercise so called humanity to murderers of the Guiteau stamp,

as has been done so often, is wicked, and a crime. Murderers who should have been given to the gallows, have been acquitted by unprincipled juries, pardoned by our governors, and weak and sentimental people have even feted them. If they did not accomplish it by such means to slip through the broad meshes of the law, and were sentenced to death, they have been treated in prison like princes, and allowed to hold hypocritical bravados on the scaffold.

If the murderers in our country were treated as they deserve to be, and punished as God and the laws demand, their number would not be so large, and, who knows, we might not have a Guiteau to-day.

Every Christian rejoices if a sinner, be he ever so bad, repents and finds forgiveness of sin through the blood of the Lamb, but let him suffer what his acts are worth, and bow to the penalty submissively and silently. We may have witnessed what unspeakable misery a murderer may cause. Many men have suffered from the hands of murderers, similarly as our noble Garfield; many wives and families have suffered like Mrs. Garfield and her children, but they have not found justice on earth. May our murdered President remind our people of God's command, "Who sheddeth man's blood, by man so shall his blood be shed, for in the image of God made he man."

From the murderer we turn of sorrowful look to the victim. A noble victim, forsooth! A martyr of his country, its people, and its institutions, President Garfield has fallen! This blow was aimed at the whole Nation, and struck us all.

I am not here to idolize our Garfield. I shall not tell you that he was a man without sin and fault. Had he thought himself such, his soul would not have taken refuge to the Savior, our Lord; for it is apparent that those who think themselves to be well need not a physician, but they that are sick. Besides, his character and life will stand it very well if only the truth be told about both.

Our martyred President was conspicuous for many of the qualities which distinguish the American, and a host of them were united in his person. Piety, patriotism, industry, energy, courage, eloquence, scholarship, benevolence, kindness, generosity, and many others; and if it is not out of place, I would mention his love of our German people and its culture.

(After this a short sketch of President Garfield's life followed, which is too well known to be repeated.)

A wonderful life, indeed; a perpetual rise from obscurity and plain life to the most exalted position of the country; a picture of life full of changes and contrast. The sturdy farmer turns a scholar, who again leaves his peaceable books and profession to exchange them for the sword and battle ground. The brave soldier becomes a statesman and leader of his party. He had won laurels as a commander in war, but far greater were those which he won on the arena of

Congress. Lifted, against his will, to the highest office in the gift of the people, standing on the highest summit political ambition might covet, envied by many, he, all at once, is the poor, the most poor man again, poorer than he was in his youth. There he lies for weeks in agony and suffering great pain, he passes from this life, lamented not by his family and friends alone, but by the Nation; and the man who lived in the woods of Ohio, the plain life of a farmer, is in his death mourned by all the civilized world—by foreign Nations and their rulers.

All this has taken place in our midst. There can be no doubt, although blood stained human hands did the work, nevertheless the crime could not have been accomplished had not the inscrutable wisdom of God allowed it. Not that God wills the evil, but he suffers it to be done. Such a meaning has the passage we cited before, and this is meant in the words: "Shall there be an evil in the city, and the Lord has not done it?" All such things happen to us as examples, and they are written for our admonition. Although we might easily enlarge, we will only reflect on some points.

Our noble President had obtained almost the highest place human ambition might covet. By many aspiring politicians he may have been envied, and even some of us may have thought him a happy man on account of the dignity of his position. Alas! I would rather say that the nomination and election to the Presidency did much to disturb Mr. Garfield's former rest and happiness:

The exciting campaign, the worry of the office seekers, the sickness of his wife, sickness and death in his family, besides the bitter contest with a faction of his own party, his own assassination, agony and death! Well he might exclaim, as many other distinguished persons in high offices have done: "My God, I cannot understand how any person can wish to be President of the United States."

Let us not be unthinking people to envy those who God placed in seemingly splendid situations, or complain in thinking of it. There is in this country an unlimited greediness of gain and an insatiable ambition, especially in the political world. The vanity of this is not only shown by Holy Writ, but proved by numerous examples in life, and being Christians, we will always do well to keep in mind the admonition of St. Paul: "Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate."

May God protect our country from the ambitious, from party fanaticism, corruption and spoilism, the diseases of our political life, a victim of which our President fell. May God guard our country and people, preserve its liberty, protect our President, and bless all public officers, that under their authority we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty, for this is good and acceptable in the sight of God, our Savior. Amen.

German M. E. Church.

Memorial services were held on the occasion of President Garfield's death in the German M. E. Church, on Mulberry street, between Fourth and Fifth, on the evening of September 25, 1881. The Rev. J. F. Severinghaus, the Pastor in charge, conducted the services.

The 518th hymn was sung, and then prayer was offered, wherein special mention was made that God might bless the family of the late President, and that he might in mercy remember our country.

After prayer another hymn, referring to the "home over there," was sung, whereupon the Pastor delivered the following memorial address:

DEAR FRIENDS: I hardly know what to say. We are suffering a great loss. Our beloved President is dead; and all the land, yea, all the world, is in mourning. Never before in our national history has it occurred that there was such universal mourning over the dead as has been the case in these days.

President Garfield was born in Orange, Ohio, near Cleveland, on the 19th day of November, 1831. He was raised in poverty, and had to work for a living from his boyhood on. He labored hard and faithfully, and at last studied hard and with great success, so much so that he rose to the highest position in our Nation. He was a good man, for his life was generally known and found faultless, and he showed us what a young man may do if he has a will to do. I thank God that rank and cast are not known in this country as they are in the old Fatherland; and that every young man and woman may rise to eminence and usefulness. Had Garfield lived in Germany, perhaps the mule driver would never have rose above that of driving horses. Therefore, in view of Garfield's success, young man, strive to walk in his footsteps.

I have asked myself the question these days: "What is it that causes such universal grief and mourning on this occasion?" And I think I see some reasons for it.

1. Because we have lost a great and a pure man in the affairs of our country. Such men as Garfield is what our country needs, and they are not to be found every day.

2. We mourn because we feel that the civil service reform which had commenced so gloriously under Garfield's administration, will stop with his death, for the country does not yet trust Arthur, Conkling & Co.

3. That there are such elements among our people as have been demonstrated in the assassin Guiteau, there is a tendency to overthrow the Government, and everybody be his own court of justice and executioner.

4. Because we have such Godless, wicked, daring doctors, such as Doctor Bliss, to stand at our bedside and administer whiskey to the dying patient. A few weeks ago, when we all thought the President would recover, Dr. Bliss was afraid the Christian people would claim the credit, and say he was saved by prayer; then he said, "You can all believe what you please in regard to what saved the President's life; I believe it was not the prayers of the Christians, but it was *whiskey*." Now the President is dead, and he comes out and says: "It is an uncommendable answer upon Modern Christianity, because all the prayers could not save him."

It is a shame for a man like Bliss to thrust in the face of this great Nation that Christianity is nothing, when on all our coin we say "In God we trust," and when our dying President said "God reigns." May God deliver us from whiskey and doctors like Bliss.

My dear friends, in our great bereavement, we have some comfort, and it consists in the following:

1. The sympathy of all the world is with us in this dark hour.
2. Our Government rests in the hands of the citizens. Though our President falls, our Government lives on.
3. The providence of God. He has not yet forsaken us, though he may afflict us, for still "God reigns."
4. It is a comfort to know that it was not the stroke of one party against the other, but we all stand like brothers around the grave of Garfield, and are more united than ever before.

And now shall I ask, "What shall be done with the assassin?" I believe I speak the sentiment of the Nation when I say, "Let him die the death;" and no sooner shall we be reconciled until Guiteau hangs high, but may God save his soul.

The services were closed with singing, prayer, and the doxology.

Services at Central Presbyterian Church.

SUNDAY EVENING, September 25th, 1881.

Although not specially advertised as such, yet the mere announcement that the theme for the regular Sunday evening's discourse would be upon the all-absorbing topic of our great bereavement, was sufficient to bring together a large congregation of worshippers, anxious to do honor to the memory of the departed Christian Statesman and brother. Loving hands had tastefully draped the entrance to the auditorium and the pulpit with appropriate emblems of mourning. The choir sang for an opening piece, "Flee as a Bird," afterwards leading the congregation in the singing of Watts' version of the One Hundredth Psalm and other suitable hymns as they occurred in the service. An almost breathless interest centered in the sermon as the pastor, Rev. Thomas Parry, most eloquently drew the following

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JAMES A. GARFIELD.

How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places." II Samuel 1-25.

For eleven weeks the heart of this nation has been moved to and fro between fear and hope. In the tossings of doubt and cheer, gladness and gloom have vied with each other in grateful laughter and lamentation. Never did a nation's heart-strings vibrate to a fuller compass: they passed from the full glee of benediction across to the extreme of subdued sigh, of suppressed grief. But death has turned the scale and sorrow has brooded over us.

Yet, in the midst of the sadness we should rejoice that we have such good men as Abraham Lincoln and James A. Garfield to suffer and to die. We should rejoice that they were not breathed against by the nation, but were men who stood erect in the integrity of their character and were felled only by a single-handed assassin to be shrouded in the lavish endearment of the whole people. They did not die under the suspicions of a Caesar, or under the broken promis-

es of a Charles, or through the fanaticism of a Robespierre, or by the heavy heel of their own tyranny as did the Czar of Russia. But they died because they loved righteousness and clothed themselves with truth. They did not die because of their own fault. They did not die because of organized conspiracy having criminal design.

The united voice of the nation has been lifted up in the words of David, "How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places."

James A. Garfield has become deeper the more we fathom his character, higher the more elevation we give to the angle of our vision, and broader as we try to span his manhood. Yet, if we look into the characteristics of his life we discover that he develops power simply by being profound and intense in the common elements of manhood. His life rose like a stone wall under the hand of a master mason. The inner filling and the cement were constantly compacted by himself, and the nation by the lever of its will lifted thereon the bulky granite blocks of public offices. We look at his life as if it were a drama written by a great genius. There are sudden transitions in it, but they are so natural that we only see their suddenness by reflecting upon them. This is due to the symmetry of its growth and the compactness of the inner filling.

When you say that he was a thorough American, what do you mean but that in him common humanity is intensified? but that he absorbed in a high degree common education, that he felt the pulse of the times, that his mind was a complex magnet with a polarity toward every stream of science, and that he put a definite practical purpose before his aspirations? He brought his sympathies into history, history to direct and balance his patriotism, his patriotism to work out the philosophy of free government, and his theory of government founded upon history gave him the forethoughts of a statesman. By surveying his mind I would say he was Baconian in mind rather than a specialist. And I have authority for saying that he was above the tallest of the Presidents in his knowledge of books and the breadth of his researches, Adams and Jefferson not excepted.

As a neighbor he is a plain neighbor with the emphasis upon the first syllable, which means nigh—nigh to the people in sympathy and friendship. Said he, on leaving the farm, "I thank the citizens of the county for their kindness, and especially my neighbors of Mentor who have demanded so little of me and have done so much to make my home a refuge and a joy." He would hold their confidence and love in his heart of gratitude. What you see here is simply a purified and intensified neighbor.

As a husband and father you see no idiosyncrasy, but the true, pure, faithful and loving hearted. To his home he brings the com-

forts, rest, joy and the frolicsome disposition of a nature that revels in the luxury of home enjoyment. To his home he brings a Christian morality and the diversions of literary attainments. His home life was the poetry of his life. In public he was cordial in splendor; at home he was cheerfully mellow. In public he filled the functions of his offices to the brim; at home he melted magnificence into a miniature paradise. In the making up of his home he spoke eloquently to boarding houses, to the disreputable communist, to the growing laxity of marriage, to those people that cast abroad the idea that marriage is a yoke of bondage. At home he revealed the corner stone of our republic, he defined the first unit power of our institutions. At home he set forth before the American boy the ideal of filial independence that has profound regard and deference for his mother; it is that independence that takes pride in and has affection for the tried experience of old age. He might have had excellences that were conspicuous, ambition that was noble, acquirements that made rich the mind of Solomon, and versatility of gifts and the love of a Tribonius; yet it is in the setting forth of domestic virtue, affection, purity, harmony and the culture of home refined—by this, shall he forever sit upon the throne of the American heart. In three things was General Garfield superior to any other President of these United States. In his elevation from a canal boy to the Presidency he was greater than Lincoln. He was symmetrical in his place of honor. On his way up he had eliminated all the rusticity, awkwardness and bluntness of the life of the soil. Again, he was the greatest scholar of all the Presidents; and, lastly, he was before them in the companionship of a superior wife. That man that turned a hand-spring playfully with his son the day he was shot, had a home so happy that his wife would have spurned the presidency of the United States for its comfort, if a higher law of duty had not intervened.

As a teacher, he has no eccentricities, but walks the straightforward path to the eminence of a College chief. As an orator, he has no tricks, or quirks of speech. He does not gamble for an effect with the legerdemain of rhetoric. He selects, analyses and sets facts in order by a manly logic and then fires them by the spirit of earnestness.

As a Christian gentleman, it is the heart of Christianity that he vitalized in his conduct. Nowhere are the wires of his creed grating upon the faith of his neighbor. We have had a Washington, who was first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his people, and also a noble Christian in the fold of the church. We have had John Adams and his son publicly professing their faith in the living God and in Jesus Christ as Redeemer. We have had a Jackson, who was as positive in his church creed as he was in politics. We have had

a Van Buren, who walked in the path of the worshippers. We have had a Harrison, who in his inaugural address announced his "belief in the divine origin and obligation of the Christian religion;" and we have had a Lincoln, who was through and through a practical Christian. But above them all in this was General Garfield, who was a preacher of the word of God and a public expounder of the Christian faith. He was not ordained, but he was so engaged in this work that he received the title of Rev. Mr. Garfield. And so practical was he in his temperance work that he is said to have bought out a distillery in his town and converted it into a vinegar establishment.

Would you then say that Mr. Garfield, being only intense in ordinary things, was an ordinary man? Why was it that Mr. Piatt and many other prominent public men did not claim greatness as inherent in the character of Mr. Garfield? I can answer that question by saying that Mr. Garfield was built after the plan of the Rocky mountains. They do not spring up fifteen or twenty thousand feet perpendicularly. They have such a broad foundation or base—you go westward toward their summit so gradually that you are winding around their waist before you are cognizant that you are ten thousand feet high. And the mountains apparently deceive. So it is with Mr. Garfield. He is broad at the foundation. The common people have walked with him to such a length and so gradually that they depreciate their standing when they are in his circle. Around him is that halo of cordiality that allures the timid forward in his feeling, and the distant altitude seems nearer than it is by actual measurement. Only men of really great personal merits dare be familiar while in high places. Many an archbishop or king would become contemptibly insignificant if he were deprived of his robe or court fashion, or if he deigned to set aside an austere, proud look. Napoleon ruled nations by being distant. Stanley asserted a superior character in all his travels through Africa by wearing shoes. It takes a man of very great attainments to throw open the gates that lead into his personal worth and then invite the public to look in. They are such men as Cyrus, Julian the Apostate and William of Orange, who can be familiar and yet be firm in their supremacy.

The life of Mr. Garfield is remarkable for what he was not allowed to do. He started to take hold of wild nature with his muscle, but his inner aspirations called him up among the schools and Colleges. He commenced to direct a College, to preach and to study law, but his country called him up to fight and die if need be for the liberty and the free institutions that he loved so well. He commenced to fight valiantly in the smoke of battle, but the free will of the people, relying upon his worth, called him up to Congress to make laws to reconstruct the country and govern it after the devastations of war.

He worked here with a master hand to transfer the national force into the channel of education, but he was not to continue. By the movement of a hidden force he was called up to the highest seat that fifty millions of people had it in their power to give. He began the arduous toil of his responsible office, but he that sits upon the circles of the Universe called him still higher, and amidst the muffled drums, the chorus of universal bells tolling and the sobs of the nation's heart riven with sorrow, he winged his way upward to receive his eternal welcome.

As Schiller, has so endeared himself to the heart of the German people that they selected one of the most majestic of God's Alpine peaks and appropriated it as a Schiller's monument, so has James A. Garfield woven his life into the affections of the American people that the highest of Vermont's magnificent mountains is dedicated to his memory as Mount Garfield. The archives at Washington will be grey with their milleniums, and the pyramids of Egypt will have crumbled into dust, but that monument will last as long as the earth has its place among the stars.

But why was Mr. Garfield assassinated? It has been said that it was because he refused an office to an unworthy applicant. That may be an immediate cause, but if there had not been conditions of society leavened by pernicious influences, no man could have singled himself out to execute such an enormity of crime. The spirit of that crime drank from a well deep in wickedness, whose waters have been evaporating and dissipating through the land. It is that bad spirit that fermented the French revolution, it is that which makes the Nihilism of Russia a foe to civil society; it is that which overrides law and weakens the Land League of Ireland; that fosters communism to imperil the free institutions of America; that carries the rope to lynch; that conceals murderous weapons upon the person; that is Marrat-like stirring the venom of licentiousness and idleness; that creates mobs for the destruction of property and suffocates labor. Add to this the inebriate condition of society and the increase of opium eating and you have a condition that will give birth to cold-blooded murder; and foment the flames of hell to issue infernal machines against our civil institutions and Christianity.

And what gives power to this class that try to force their influence thus upon society is that they are not federated as a mass of murderers, acting without an idea under the fanaticism of cruelty. They profess to reconstruct society. They organize for political ends. They have a theory. They have a philosophy. Polinet, the positionist of Paris and a recent writer from Russia, gives us to understand that "their philosophy is atheism, materialism, the negation of all religion. Their political programme is absolute individual liberty by means of

the suppression of governments and the division of nationalities into communes." They propose to dispossess the present holders of capital and make a distribution of it, to overthrow the nobility and aristocracy and exclude every body from society but working men. This is not a paroxysm that wreaks its vengeance upon man without discrimination. But it is a vast organized crusade to establish definite moral, political and social ideas. Among them are men who have studied governments, men who are indoctrinated with science and philosophy, men who are honorably distinguished in the nations, men who have tenacity to continue, and instruct the rising generation in distinct theories that are to revolutionize the world. These men put themselves devotedly to absorb and cultivate the spirit of hostility against every institution that bears the name of God, or fosters distinctions among men.

Now, I do not believe that Guiteau acted under any theory so that he became a philosophic murderer, but a cold blooded villain, acting in the spirit of a coward's bravado. But this I say, that these foreign ideas of absolute individual liberty, of utter extermination of any subjection to law, and of plots against king power and capital, have become so common in our literature, so familiar in our conversation and so concrete in little organic knots that the discontented and the bad blood of our nation have been tinctured by them. Even Wendell Phillips, in his great oration at Harvard, declares "Nihilism is the righteous and honorable resistance of a people crushed under an iron rule. Nihilism is evidence of life. When order reigns in Warsaw it is spiritual death." "I honor Nihilism, since it redeems human nature from suspicion of being utterly vile and made up only of heartless oppressors and contented slaves." I think that this same spirit of Wendell Phillips distilled into lawlessness and wickedness nerved the hand of the assassin against our President. It breaks out sometimes in utter indifference to human sympathy, or with a cold sneer at revered institutions. Symptoms of the French and Russian theories are creeping into our ideas.

We may learn from the death of the President grave and important lessons.

There is a lesson to be learned by the praying Christian. From the record of the past two months there is evidently a misconception of prayer. Some have been audacious even to irreverence in their words to God. Audacity is not faith. Some have been so reckless as to declare that they would no longer be Christians if the President should die. Such people would take the government from the hand of God. Some have been eager to make this case a sort of prayer test. Others, at every sign of recovery, fanatically claimed it as a direct answer to prayer. It is likely that chronic unbelief is strengthened

more by Christians who are earnest and devout, putting themselves constantly in positions that by them the good is compromised, than from any other cause. There are Christians who, during the last two months, have openly declared in public, "certainly the President will recover. There are two many people praying for him—he cannot die." But in our prayers we forgot to say, "Thy will be done. We forget to thank him for past mercies, we forget to confess our sins. Can we say that crime diminished in these eleven week? Has the Sabbath been better observed?

Said Dr. Bliss, in his lamentation over the dead President: "This is a great commentary on Modern Christianity." And so it is, but not in the sense of Dr. Bliss, but in the fact that not a single national crime has been confessed; none of the sins in high places have been sought to be reformed.

But when the full facts of our President's wound were revealed, did we not pity those honest and skillful men who have been under the fire of criticism for eleven weeks, we would say, what a commentary this is on modern medical skill! And again how thoroughly it convinces us of our ignorance when we offer our petitions to the God of mercy.

Said Mr. Lincoln to a committee that came to advise him concerning the war: "Gentlemen, if Blondin, the rope-walker, had engaged to carry your child across the great chasm of the Niagara Falls, you would not be shouting to him as he moved on the rope with your precious treasure: 'Blondin, a little to the left, a little to the right, a little back or forward!' You would hold your breath; your very prayers would be wordless. 'Now,' said he, 'I have the life of the Nation in my hands, and I am doing my very best to carry it over the gulf of disunion. Pray for me.' And President Lincoln was never under greater fire than these physicians were, and they are to be honored for their fidelity. Probably never before has the consuming thirst for office been thrust upon the American mind, as it has in the death of the President. This has become a national sin, a traffic among unworthy men. The votes of honest people are prostituted in the hands of unprincipled men who demand office as a reward, having bribed, tricked and cajoled to secure them. Let the Nation awake to protect innocent blood from this foul spirit of self-seeking. Our public men are pestered by the vermin of politics. Men that hold the key to the cliques of the caucus say to men who are in trust by the Nation, "Do as I say, or it will cost you your political head." This is our Nation's scandal. But where is the remedy to meet these foreign ideas, to meet the strain that is put upon the joints of our Republic? It is found in the common school. It is here where the rich and the poor, high and low, mingle their sympathies together,

get each other's confidence, and build a foundation of unity. Better have all academies and colleges perish as by an earthquake than allow the common schools to pass away. Give us a strong, healthy, well organized system of common schools; have them full of the marrow of good things; then, as a republic, we need not fear. These schools are a bulwark against the assassin, against communism and organized nihilism.

Our remedy is found in our having an increase of respect for law. We want law makers who are respectable in character, conduct and intelligence, and who make the laws to be respected by their enforcement. To do this there must be truthfulness and heroism in the administration of public affairs, that the commonwealth suffers no shame by reason of a time-serving spirit in its members.

Our remedy is found in the moral and religious training of the children. We want by the children an intelligent reception of religion. That is the religion that inspires self-restraint, that fosters the feeling of responsibility to God, that beautifies the present by purity of life and manners, that increases in men a sense of brotherhood that will tend to make them spiritual, that while it gives us a wholesome belief concerning the future, it should make us honest, loving and truthful now. This will guarantee safety and health to the Nation. When we can give to the whole people that liberty which education gives, that true intelligence inspires, that crowns all material acquisition and intellect with sincere love for God and love for man, then we shall have a people that are strong enough to grow, they shall be planted as trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, able to bear up against the beating of the elements—the winter and summer storms will rock them to make them elastic, but they shall not break.

The assassin Guiteau mingles the words of prayer in a heart that is vile and Godless. Mason, who, against law, shot at Guiteau, says that he does not know how to pray, or what to pray for. The fact is, wherever law is not respected, there is irreligion.

But are there any good things brought out in the death of our President? Yes; the blessings are great and many.

1. It has humbled us. It has made us feel that in the midst of prosperity which is without its parallel, we are but dust, and our iniquities, like the wind, can take us away. We have bowed our heads at least outwardly to a higher power.

2. It has opened our eyes to see certain dangers. In view of these dangers the death of the President is vicarious. He died for our sins. He gave us the signal that our enemies are becoming bold.

3. It has united the North and South in a bondage of sympathy such as no enactment of law or treaty could accomplish. We have

mingled our tears, and have been praying with one thought. The bullet of the assassin expunged the Dixie line. The United States were reconstructed in the wounds of the President.

4. It has given occasion for the true inwardness of our sympathy with Great Britain to be displayed. The deep interest that Queen Victoria has taken in the suffering President, and her tender messages to his wife, have touched a cord in the American heart, whose vibrations will make her name musical in our ear, and will silence in our land the loud oratory that was fulminated against her peace. The wound of the President, by some mystic spiritual anatomy, reveals the same veins of human kindness flowing in the breast of a Queen, an Empress of India, as are fostered in the bosom of a laureate mother among American citizens.

"One touch of sorrow
Makes the whole world kin."

5. It has shown how deep a respect our Nation and the world has for a good man. He is mourned not so much that he was an able statesman, not for his scholarship, not for his great service to the public, but that he was *good*.

6. It revealed to what great extent our Nation is pervaded with Christian sentiment. The Nation was on its knees before the Christian's God. The press has been filled with the word of God. Godless men for once have used the name of God other than in an oath. Our public men have honored the forms of a religious spirit. General Sherman, in the Mason case, says: "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord; I will repay." MacVeagh, in his telegram to Mr. Arthur, speaks of the condition of the President as warning us "to be prepared for any affliction with which God, in his mercy, may afflict us." And this has been the spirit breathed through all the words of our chief men, and continue to come from him who assumes the vacant office.

Is there not food for greater thoughts in the fact that the Nation was suspended between hope and fear for so long a time, not knowing the extent of the wound. Would our hearts have been exercised the same if we had known? Would we have drawn nearer and still nearer to God?

In the death of the President also the country has an opportunity to exhibit the grandest principle of our constitution, the sublimest feature of our laws—that the life of a poor man is protected as sacredly as that of the President. In the punishment of Guiteau shall passion take the place of law? Can we as a people exercise self-control, self-denial, and treat Guiteau as any other criminal? This is the mightiest strain that ever was put upon our hearts in carrying out the spirit that brings us pre-eminently above all people.

All of these thoughts concur to make us thoughtful and watchful, and give us a reason to hope that the sorrow of the past weeks will prepare our hearts for reformation and Godliness.

But we cannot close without looking in for a moment upon the death scenes of our beloved President. We have seen him in poverty and in prosperity. We have seen him in private life, like a mignonette, having his heart brim full of the fragrance of love, gentleness and peace, filling the air with sweetness, and making the hearts of men rejoice. We have seen him in public, aspiring like the honeysuckle, but never so high that he forgets to blossom, and never blossoms so high that he forgets to shower down the incense of gladness upon those below. But let us see how does the grace of Christian beauty retain its fashion in the hour of death.

Standing upon the highest eminence into which the free choice of a Nation could lift him, coming out brim full of mirth from the scenes of parental sports, locked in arms with his friend, counsellor, and fellow-statesman, and having in his heart a loving picture of his faithful sick wife in the cottage by the sea, there rushed upon him the assassin, commissioned of hell, and armed with death. Then instantly the flash of flame, the lightning of venom, the flow of blood, and the pallor of the grave. But he did not murmur. The sudden shock of the flesh failed to capsize the great spirit within. Then began the suffering that made the heart of the Nation tender and filled her eyes with tears. Pain worked its utmost, the forceps of agony bit deeper and deeper, yet that mind was calm, balancing the situation, dictating a message to her that filled his heart so delicately that the missile that had blasted their joys was sheathed in the shadows of hope. Then came the memories of home, of mother and children, and the clustering beatific visions upon the horizon of the future. The sacred lips of years were opened, and the mother, in the fondness of a love that clasps an infant to its breast, cries, "Can any one be so cruel as to kill my baby?" The dove wings of that spirit fanned the dying hero, and smothered the wails that might come from a reservoir of suffering. Over his prospects is a crown of thorns and the riving spears pierce to the quick. Still he was patient. No murmur escaped his lips, no resentment even toward the enemy of his life and happiness. No complainings against his hard lot in the crushing of his hopes. The spectacle made the Nation sublime in its devotion. Behold, a Nation on its knees, weeping in prayer. The silver linings were seen and the golden on the edge of the cloud, living energy dissipated its thickness, and through the feathery veil we saw the sun of joy and the stars of hope, and the peans of rejoicing were poured forth as if heaven had swung open her portals and the holy throng had showered down their pure gladness. But

the Black Friday rallied, and suddenly gathered its gloom. There stood the wounded President, and death, with poniards of pain in its right hand, and the agonies of despair in its left. Each looked into the other's eyes. Fearful forebodings are creeping over the mind of the dear wife, the nurse walks softly, the tears of grief are becoming bold upon her cheeks, the physicians droop, the hand that ministers is palsied, and fifty millions of people are looking with one eye into that pale face. Yet still in the struggle the lips of his fortitude do not quiver, the brow of his courage does not bow to cowardice. The grace of God was to his life as the oxygen to the burning lamp, it converted the fumes of distress into a bright flame of heavenly light. On goes the struggle, hope and despair, alternating daily, the cold fingers of the merciless angel manipulating one by one the vital cords. The ocean beats in its eternal moan upon the shore to mirror the unseen future, messages of sympathy and of love spin the circle of the earth, thrones and the seats of republics commission the lightning, and disease slowly changes the fashion of the brave form. Still the light of heaven is the window of the soul. Is there anything in the teachings of philosophy, anything in the resources of science, to replenish this exhausted courage? Only in the treasures of a good heart does a soul become so athlete. Once more he moves into the valley of the great shadow whose King is Terror. Still he is patient. For the light of the spirit is in the deep, and the mind calmly rests upon the glowing brightness. But he who set in order primeval chaos and folded his napkin in his own tomb, cried, "It is enough; loose the bands of my servant." Then death rallied the vim of disease and inspired the nerve of pain. Severe were its shocks, tighter was its grip, and forward were the benumbing chills thrust to throttle the gasping breath. But during the storming of the castle the monarch soul had gone to visit the land of its youth. It was delighting itself in the joys of maternal love, in the sports of his children, and the felicities of communion with his wife. Suddenly he came back, awoke to consciousness, looked out through the windows, locked the door of sense, then snapped the last cord of life as that of a sling, and leaped into immortality, crying, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" The likeness of the Son of Man had shielded his brow. The goodness of his heart had committed a robbery on death. Better is this goodness than worldly wisdom, better than the decrees of authorities, better than the distinctions of fame or the treasures of gold. It satisfies in life, it satisfies in death. It has no bitter tears to wipe away, no unholy aspirations to quench, no unkindness to be undone, no blows to be withheld, no bitter words to smother. It has opened no graves in the souls of men. It has buried no evil spirits, to be resurrected in memory. James A. Garfield,

the Christian gentleman, kissed immortality, with pure lips, and is walking with God.

Singing by Presbyterian choir at G. A. Memorial services.

1. Anthem—"By the Rivers of Babylon."
2. Chant—"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."
3. Hymn—"Jesus, lover of my soul."
4. Doxology—"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

The choir is composed of the following persons :

Mrs. J. R. Chambers, Misses Mamie Conn, Isa Drake, Ida Ensey, Lizzie Ensey, Mrs. Wm. Pugh. Messrs. W. W. Byers, J. R. Chambers, C. W. Conn, Dean Hicklin, W. A. Kennedy, D. C. Mitchell, Wm. Pugh, M. Seiler. Miss Emma Allen, accompanist; Wm. D. Ewing, leader.

